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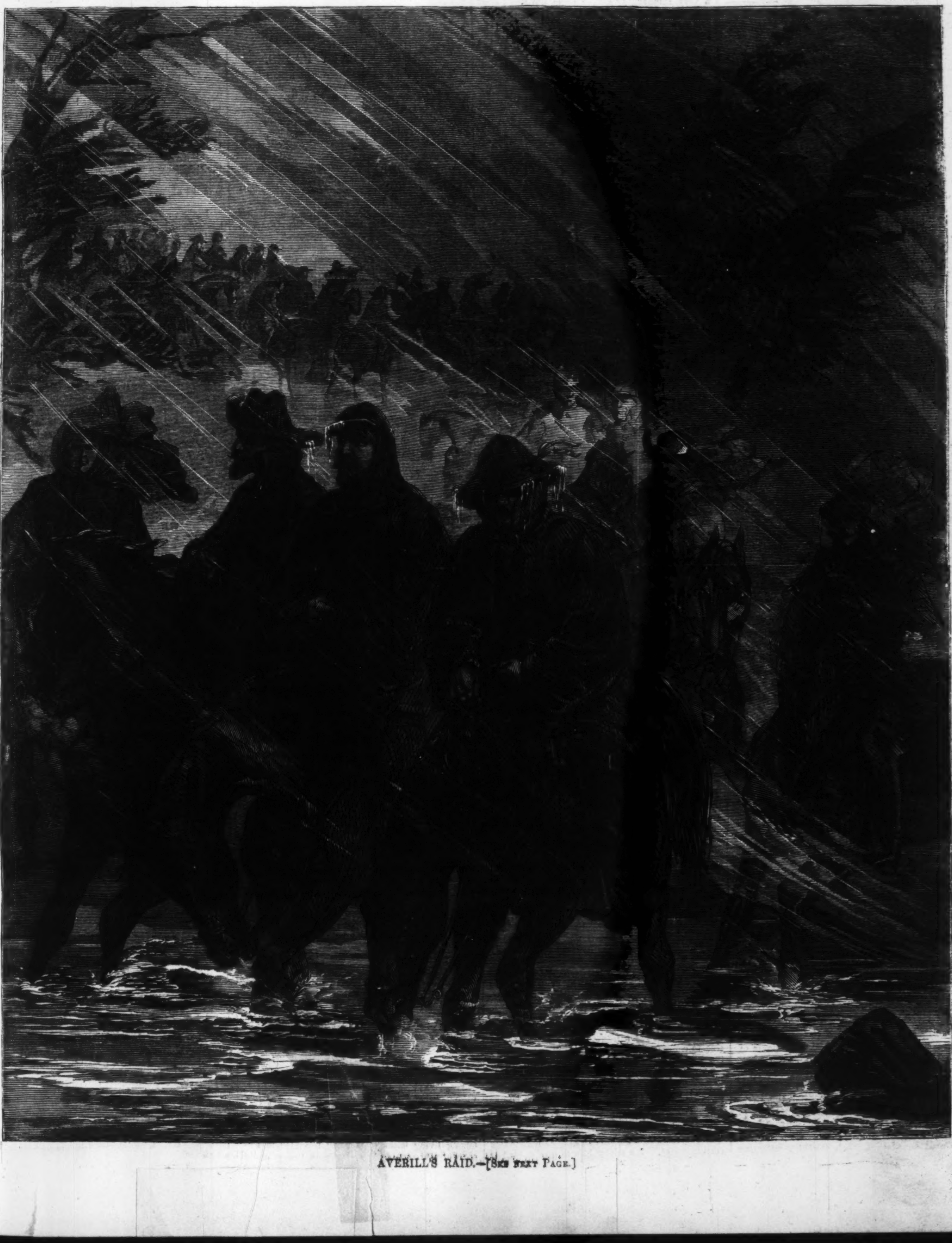


AVERILL'S RAID.—[See next Page.]

AVERILL'S RAID.

WE give on page 36 the portrait of GENERAL AVERILL, whose dash upon the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad is "one of the most hazardous, important, and successful raids since the commencement of the war." We must defer to a future time a sketch of the services of General Averill. The best account of his raid is contained in his own dispatch, the essential points of which will be found in our Number of January 9. Our sketch presents an instant in this expedition, which is thus described by a correspondent of the press: "All of the columns suffered severely from cold and hunger; but the severest suffering was attached to Averill's command. The nights were bitter. It rained, snowed, and hailed. Imagine the gathering of clouds, the twilight approaching, the wearied soldier and foot-sore horse climbing and scraping up the steep mountain roads; then the descending of the storm, the water freezing as it touched the ground, the line winding its way up one side and down another, entering passes that seemed to be the terminus of these mountainous creations, and then emerging upon open lands but to feel the fury of the storm the more severe, and he can form but a mere idea of what was the scene on this trying occasion."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1864.

THE GOVERNOR AND THE POLICE.

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR has removed the Metropolitan Police Commissioners upon the ground that their report of the riots of last summer is sectarian and partisan. The passage of the report upon which he bases this objection is as follows:

> "These violent proceedings had a political design and direction, and received encouragement from newspapers and partisans of influence and intelligence. The Board of Police had been threatened with summary removal, which was expected to occur immediately. Members of the force desired the removal, and there were not lacking instances of insubordination—the fruit of the expected change. A large portion of the force were of the same nationality and political and religious faith of the riotous mob."

Certainly there could be no simpler or calmer statement of the facts than is here presented. Is it "partisan" to say that the riots received encouragement from newspapers and partisans of influence and intelligence? But Governor Seymour has surely not forgotten his own speech at the Academy of Music on the 4th of July, about ten days before the riots, in which, after sneering at the war and the Government, he warns the latter that mobs can play at necessity as well as a Government. Governor Seymour surely knows, what every other man in the country knows, that the riots sprang from the bitter hostility to the Government and the war, and the incessant denunciation of the law of the land which distinguished the speeches of Vallandigham, Brooks, and other men at the regular meetings of Mr. Luke Cozans's Democratic Association, Mr. Cozans, as is well known, being a particular friend of Fernando Wood. Governor Seymour surely knows, what no law-obeying citizen has forgotten, that not only did the mob and its abettors count upon his passive co-operation; but that he stood at the City Hall, the chief civil magistrate sworn to execute the laws, and told the rioters, reeking with innocent blood and raving in outrage of every law human and divine, that he had asked the Government to suspend the operation of the law, which they put forth as their excuse for arson and massacre.

These are facts of history. Is not Governor Seymour a "partisan of influence and intelligence," and is it an offense incapacitating men for public office to tell the truth of him as of all other instigators of the mob?

Or is it any less true that influential papers in the city spoke of these bloody and murderous mobs as "an uprising of the people," hoping that they would lead to some signal and fearful embarrassment of the Government in prosecuting the war? And will any honest man read the daily issues of a single paper, *The World*, for a fortnight before the outbreak, and not say that it gave "encouragement" to the rioters? Is it, then, "partisan" to say so? Does a man cease to be fit for Police Commissioner because he thinks that the course of such papers was destructive of the public peace?

It seems also that it is "sectarian" to say that a large part of the police force were of the same religious faith with the mob. It may be a mistake, but how is it "sectarian?" Is it perhaps liable to that charge because it implies that the mob were of one religious faith? But can any fact be more notorious than that the mob was mostly composed of Irish, and that the Irish are generally of one faith? Why else did the late Archbishop Hughes summon them to his house, and address them as their spiritual head, and beg them not to disgrace the name of Irishmen and Catholics? To mention these facts, without which their report would be curiously incomplete and unfaithful, shows, according to Governor Seymour, that the Commissioners have departed from the impartial and dispassionate position of public officers, and have lost their usefulness.

It will be plain enough to every attentive reader of these reasons for the removal that Governor Seymour lends himself to the pitiful attempt of Mr. M'Keon to excite a religious rancor in this country. Do these gentlemen not know that they are playing with edged tools? that to excite such a feeling is to annihilate those for whose support it is a bid? Much may be pardoned to the desperate political extremity of Mr. Seymour. A year ago his prospects were unclouded for the nomination and support of the "Conservative" party for the Presidency. This year even the rump of the old Whig party passes him by for M'Clellan, and a man would be laughed at who should name Mr. Seymour as a candidate. Mr. Seymour knows why. It is his conduct as "a partisan" during the riots, and his futile struggles to perplex the Government and the war. Much may be pardoned to his extremity. But when he tries to excite religious hate, it is an effort which shows his own consciousness of his desperate position.

THE TRUTH CONFESSED.

THE Richmond *Inquirer* of December 18 has a very remarkable article upon the rebel conscription, in which it states plainly the political philosophy of the leaders in the rebellion. It is exactly that of Mr. Calhoun. It is that which every honest supporter of slavery must logically hold. And when the mass of the people in the Southern States are once able to comprehend the intentions of the leaders they now so blindly follow, the retribution will be terrible and deserved.

The argument for the universal conscription, says the *Inquirer*, is based upon the equality of every man, from which it is inferred that every man ought to go to the field. It then asks: "*Is not our war based on the principle and fact, which all history has demonstrated as a truth—the inequality of man—for policy we say of races.*" In other words, the rebellion is a reaction against the Declaration of Independence. Men have *not* equal rights, and although we do not yet quite dare to say so, that is what we mean.

The great need of the Southern people is a leader. Some man who would show them that, under pretense of holding colored men in slavery, the real purpose of the aristocracy is that capital shall own labor of every kind; and that, if secession could be accomplished, an immediate reorganization of society upon a strictly aristocratic basis would follow. Such a leader would show the people that the scriptural argument for slavery upon which the slaveholders rely, is an argument for the enslaving of white men, for the old Hebrew slaves were not black; and that, in fact, they are fooled to their own destruction by the men for whom they fight so bravely. It was the knowledge that, if the right of free speech, guaranteed by the Constitution, were tolerated in the South, slavery would be destroyed by the common-sense of the Southern people, which made Calhoun and all his school insist upon suppressing it. Consequently, in its most important provision, the Constitution has been a dead letter in every slave State for more than thirty years.

Meanwhile as the rebel leaders are all slave-drivers, and bound by a common purpose and peril, and as the people have neither the habit of free thought nor discussion, but, being ignorant, are the easy victims of appeals to prejudice and the baser passions, it will be yet a long time before they fairly understand their condition, and see that they are fighting merely to rivet their own chains. But some day we shall hear that in some remote corner a few men have made a stand against the sweeping conscription. There will not be available force to compel their obedience. Successful disaffection will spread; and once emancipated from the iron control of the great slave-drivers, these men will see that their interest, their prosperity, their peace and progress, lie in the total overthrow of a system which makes a great slave-driver like Jefferson Davis the direct and overpowering rival of every poor artisan or laborer in the South who lives by the work of his own hands.

"OUR OWN."

MR. CHARLES MACKAY, the correspondent of the London *Times*, has returned to this country and to his vocation. When he left for England in the autumn it was supposed that he had been recalled on account of the ridiculous position into which his reports of affairs and opinions upon this side of the water had thrown the *Times*. The Chevalier Galenga, more generally known as Mariotti (a family name), who filled the post of correspondent *ad interim*, was a man of very much greater ability than Mr. Mackay, but of a disappointed and bitter feeling, which rendered all his comments upon our affairs sharp and cynical.

It seems that it was a mistake to suppose Mr. Mackay recalled. He has resumed the duties of his post. It is not a pleasant one, and he has our sincere commiseration. To reside in a country for the purpose of finding fault with it; to supply information about it derived from its enemies; to live in New York, and to wish the rebels at Richmond to succeed, when success in Richmond would be anarchy in New York; and to do all this in exile, must be as dreary a business as the New Year is likely to see.

Let us, then, offer a word of friendly advice to this correspondent. We advise him to turn to his letters of last summer, in June and July—letters in which he plainly said that the loyal Union men had virtually given up the contest, and in which he announced that the riots were the beginning of the counter-revolution—and then consider whether it is worth while to suppose that the Copperheads are the true representatives of public opinion in this struggle, or that General Lee, who has not had a solitary success since Stonewall Jackson died, is the only "great captain" on this continent.

If he wishes to leave the London *Times* the least reputation for intelligent criticism or sagacious prophecy, let him consult other oracles than those which are inspired by the hope of attaining political power by the failure of the Government. He has hitherto made himself the mouth-piece of a faction; retailing all their venomous wishes as probabilities, and their foolish gossip as the substance of public talk. He has imbibed their frantic hate of what they call Abolitionism, and rails at the Herculean effort of a great nation to maintain its unity and civil existence, as if it were a mad ebullition of fanatic zeal. If henceforth he will try to understand that a clique of New York Copperheads are not the country, and that their hopes, and beliefs, and expectations in regard to this war are no more valuable than his own, he may succeed in writing letters which will not, indeed, be friendly or true, but may be less conspicuously and absurdly wide of the mark than those he has been in the habit of writing.

THE SANITARY FAIRS.

THE call for the great Metropolitan Fair of the Sanitary Commission is issued. New York is behind her sister cities, and ought to bring up the rear with a metropolitan magnificence. Chicago made eighty thousand dollars, Boston a hundred and forty thousand, Cincinnati is making, let us hope, two hundred thousand, and New York should continue with not less than three hundred thousand dollars. Meanwhile Rochester has done nobly, Portland also: Albany is preparing, and in every town and city we hope to hear of the Sanitary Fair.

For what purpose more humane and lofty can busy the brains and the fingers of all loyal men, women, and children in the land than the continued care of the soldiers in the field? There they are—encamped by river and sea-side, on hills and in valleys, our friends, our brothers, our sons, our lovers, and as they turn their eyes and hearts and hands toward us at home, what joy so great, what cheer so encouraging, as to feel our hands outstretched and our hearts beating in response?

The Sanitary Fairs which enlist the industry, the thought, the interest of the country, hold us all closer together. It is a common cause, a common toil, and, please God! a common victory. And so long as the war lasts the work of the Commission is unending. Its means of succor for the sick and wounded—its vast supplies for hospital, and camp, and field—its agents, transports, and dépôts—must be constantly maintained, replenished, and renewed. It is not an institution which, when once started, goes of itself. When the kind hands of the country stop giving, and the kind hearts of the country lose the desire or thought of giving, then the great work stops, and the son and husband and father languishes in the field uncared for. As he, the soldier, can not and must not rest, but is always ready for the summons, armed and equipped, so must all the rest of us be ready at all our posts with the supports which they have a right to expect.

MONUMENT TO ROBERT FULTON.

IT is incredible that in this age and country of steam, in his own city, washed by the waters of the river on which his great experiment triumphed, in the city which that river, by means of that triumph, has so enriched, no monument has yet been built to Robert Fulton. Of a genius peculiarly American, and whose great victory was achieved within the memory of living men, the personality of Fulton is less familiar to us than that of any equally illustrious American.

It seems that there is a Fulton Monument Association which is now engaged with this subject. They are understood to have selected a site in Trinity church-yard, near Broadway, where Fulton is buried. Henry K. Brown, the sculptor, has made a design for a monument. It is a structure of Portland stone, resting on massive arches and supporting figures representing American lakes and rivers. Above these are other figures representing the four quarters of the globe, the whole crowned, at the height of forty feet, with a colossal statue of Fulton, sitting, and holding in his hand the model of a steamboat which he offers to the attention of the world. A photograph of the design may be seen at the Pacific Insurance Company's office in Trinity Building.

It is undoubtedly imposing, and what Mr. Brown does would be nobly done, but we fear lest at the height of forty feet the face of the statue should be lost. The object of such a work is not merely to commemorate the fame, but to familiarize posterity with the face and form of a benefactor, or hero, or statesman. If this can be successfully done at that height, the simplicity of the remainder of the design commends the whole. In any case, we hope to know before long that the work is to be done, and that above the clouds and smoke, and stately movement of the myriad steamers which fill the river, the traveler to the city may see, sitting enthroned, the figure of Robert Fulton from whose brain they sprang.

LITERARY.

DR. DRAPER'S "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe" (Harpers), which has just passed to a second edition in this country, and by its extensive scholarship and vigorous thought has already justly given its author so high a place among living authors, is being reprinted in England by Messrs. Bell & Daldy in two splendid octavo volumes, with a steel portrait of the author. The work is also being translated into Italian, and will be published at Turin in April.

Charles Reade's "Hard Cash" is now issued complete by the Harpers. Mr. Dickens, who is now engaged upon his new story, declares that it is the master-piece of the author; and those who have read it as it has appeared from week to week are aware that to the usual attractions of his style this work has a peculiar value as a vivid picture of the working of the lunatic system in England; doing, in fact, for the Lunatic Asylums the service that his "Never too Late to Mend" did for the Penitentiary system. It is a tale of a great variety of interest, and of a much broader, firmer grasp than some of Mr. Reade's later works.

"Dream Children." (Sever & Francis, Cambridge.) The author of "Seven little People and their Friends," published a year ago, has written another book, which, following Charles Lamb, he calls "Dream Children," and which is one of the most perfectly printed and completed little books of the year. At first glance the book seems to address itself to children; but it is really no child's book; it is too full and complex. It has something in it for every one who has not lost his childhood; who has not so matured himself as to have left out of his appreciation the finest effects of imagination and humor. This little volume will make an audience of its own, and for that audience there are no other books of the kind. The book is made up of short stories, having a vein of romance running through them, without any thing which we are in the habit of calling sentiment. All of the stories are characterized by a peculiar humor—not a broad humor like Dickens's, but nevertheless an exquisite, delicate humor. The author, in the elaboration of his work, has shown an artist's skill and taste, with a great degree of enthusiasm, as if his working formed a part of his life. The effect of the stories upon the imagination and upon the undercurrent of moral sentiment in advanced children is of the highest and purest character.

Professor Henry Drisler, of Columbia College, has attacked Bishop Hopkins's positions upon the Bible view of slavery and routed him from every one. His brief but most comprehensive and learned criticism is issued by the Loyal Publication Society, No. 863 Broadway, and is No. 39 of their publications. The surprising misstatements, inconsistencies, and inevitable conclusions of the Bishop's letter are unsparingly exposed. The special force of Professor Drisler's pamphlet is that it meets the Bishop upon his own ground. It follows him into the Bible history and into Biblical exegesis, and shows that whatever the nature of Hebrew slavery may have been, it constitutes no more excuse for African slavery than the polygamy of the Patriarchs for the Mormon sealing of wives. So of the New Testament argument: if it proves any thing it proves that captives in war may be enslaved; it certainly does not legitimate the African slave-trade. Unquestionably there has been slavery in society before ours; and undeniably, if the fact is evidence of the divine approval, it is approved. But then crime of every kind has always abounded; and this fact is as equally conclusive of the divine approval of crime. Moreover every nation as it emerges from barbarism into a higher civilization abolishes slavery. Dahomey, Turkey, and the African tribes that Captain Speke discovered, cherish slavery. But Western Europe and Northern America discard it. Bishop Hopkins pronounces for Dahomey, barbarism, and slavery. The human heart and conscience and the religion of Christ declare for civilization and liberty. That is the end of the matter. Mr. Hopkins will defend his position to the last; but he will see by a late English work that in that he is still following the King of Dahomey. Professor Drisler, in his sober, earnest, searching, and conclusive little pamphlet, has done the good cause good service.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WE have no sentimental tenderness for a miscreant, native or foreign; but we think that after a man is hanged he might be let alone. Not so, however, think the colonial authorities, according to the *Taranaki Herald*, which says,

"The trial of the half-caste prisoner, Hori, on the two charges of having taken part in the murders at Waitan, and on the attack on Lieutenant Waller, was concluded on Monday. He was found guilty of both charges, and was sentenced to be hanged for the first offense, and imprisoned for life for the second."

"I suppose," said a gentleman—pointing to one of those huge perambulating photographic vans that go rolling about the country, and which was then stationary on the common—"that thing is the fellow's parlor, kitchen, bedroom—in short, his every thing?" "Yes, his drawing-room included," replied his witty companion.

A VERY CLEVER DISTINCTION.—A Lover is a Suer—a heiress-hunter a purse-suer.

Why is a balloonist like a man disinherited?—Because he is an heir-o'-naught.

When is an oarsman like a herring?—When he has a hard roe.

"Where shall I go?" as the bullet said to the trigger.

To what color does flogging change a boy's complexion?—It makes him *yell—O!*

"I prefer being foremost," as the hare said to the hounds.

Why should turtles be pitied?—Because theirs is a hard case.

A West Indian, who had a remarkably fiery nose, having fallen asleep in his chair, a negro-boy who was in waiting observed a mosquito hovering round his face. Quashy eyed the insect very attentively; at last he saw it alight on his master's nose, and instantly fly off again. "Yah, yah," he exclaimed, with great glee, "me berry glad to see you burn your fut."

"My lord," said the foreman of a Welsh jury, when giving in their verdict, "we find the man that stole the mare not guilty."

"A LITTLE HELP IS BETTER THAN NONE."

An auctioneer, while engaged in his vocation, thus exalted the merits of a carpet—"Gentlemen and ladies, some folks sell carpets for Brussels which are not Brussels, but I can most positively assure you that this elegant article was made by Mr. Brussels himself."

An abbé having a violent cold on his return from Rome, where he had been unsuccessfully soliciting the rank of cardinal, it was observed that the malady was easily accounted for, as he had come all the way home without his hat.

Pat was a volunteer, and he got sick. The first question the surgeon asked him was, "Pat, are your bowels *regular?*" "No, Sir; be jabers, I'm a *volunteer!*"

An Irishman was challenged to fight a duel, but declined on the plea that he did not wish to "lave his ould mother an orphan."

A friend in California writes us that they have fire-flies so large in that State that they use them to cook by. They hang the kettles on their hind-legs, which are bent for the purpose like pot-hooks.

A new mode of dispersing a mob has been discovered, which is said to supersede the necessity of a military force: it is to pass round a contribution-box.

One of the German Kings wanted his army instructed in the use of the Armstrong gun. He accordingly got one, but was obliged to ask leave of the next king to have the target put up in his kingdom, his own not being big enough for the Armstrong range!

Sometimes a girl says no to an offer, when it is as plain as the nose on her face that she means yes. The best way to judge whether she is in earnest or not is to look straight into her eyes, and never mind her noes.

Some men keep savage dogs around their houses, so that the hungry poor who stop to "get a bite" may get it outside the door.

When you are running from a mad bull to be slow isn't to be sure.

"Do you know who built this bridge?" said a person to Hook. "No," replied Hook; but if you go over you'll be *tolled.*"

It is said that some babies are so small that they can creep into quart measures. But the way in which some adults can walk into such measures is very astonishing.

The reason, no doubt, why people don't like to set down thirteen to dinner is because, under those circumstances, they must necessarily be "at *sixes* and *sevens* with each other."

If an elephant can travel eight miles an hour, and carry his trunk, how fast could he go if he had a little page to carry it for him?

"Ah!" said a Sunday-school teacher—"Ah, Caroline Jones, what do you think you would have been without your good father and pious mother?" "I suppose, mum," said Caroline, who was very much struck with the soft appeal—"I suppose, mum, as I should ha' been a horphan."

When Jackson was President of the United States, Jimmy O'Niel, the porter, was a marked character. He had his foibles, which were offensive to the fastidiousness of Colonel Donelson, and caused his dismissal on an average of about once a week. But on appeal to the higher court, the verdict was invariably reversed by the good-nature of the old General. Once, however, Jimmy was guilty of some flagrant offense, and was summoned before the highest tribunal at once. The General, after stating the details of the misdeed, observed, "Jimmy, I have borne with you for years, in spite of all complaints; but in this act you have gone beyond my powers of endurance." "And do you believe the story?" asked Jimmy. "Certainly," answered the General; "I have just heard it from two Senators." "Faith," retorted Jimmy, "if I believed all that twenty Senators say about you, it's little I'd think you are fit to be President." "Pshaw! Jimmy," concluded the General; "clear out, and go on duty, but be more careful hereafter." Jimmy remained with his kind-hearted patron not only to the close of his Presidential term, but, accompanying him to the Hermitage, was with him to the day of his death.

"Talk about women talking!" says a lady of our acquaintance, herself by no means deficient in eloquence; "why, look at the debates, the public dinners, the vestry meetings, and, above all, the gossip, gossip, gossip at those horrid clubs! You talk more in a week than we do in a year; though, to be sure, what we do say has got some sense in it!"

An officer, who was inspecting his company one morning, spied one private whose shirt was sadly begrimed. "Patrick O'Flynn!" called out the captain. "Here, yer Honor!" promptly responded Patrick, with his hand to his cap. "How long do you wear a shirt?" "Twenty-eight inches," was the rejoinder.

"You have not a drop of the great Napoleon's blood in your veins," said testy old Jerome one day in a pet to his nephew the Emperor. "Well," replied Louis Napoleon, "at all events I have his whole family on my shoulders."

A lady that would please herself in marrying was warned that her intended, although a good sort of a man, was very singular. "Well," replied the lady, "if he is very much unlike other men, he is much more likely to be a good husband."

An old lady, who had been reading the famous moon story very attentively, remarked with emphasis that the idea of the moon's being inhabited was incredible. "For," says she, "what becomes of the people in the new moon when there is nothing but a little streak left of it?"

"Pat," said the captain of a ship to an Irishman who was a passenger on board, and who sometimes used to sleep twenty hours in succession, "how do you contrive to sleep so long?" "How?" cried Pat; "why, I pay particular attention to it."

"Patrick," said a Judge, "what do you say to the charge: are you guilty or not guilty?" "Faith, that is difficult for your Honor to tell, let alone myself. Wait till I hear the evidence."

"Have you read my last speech?" said a vain orator to a friend. "I hope so," was the reply.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE avail ourselves of the space gained by the adjournment of Congress from December 27 to January 5 to present a list of the members of both Houses of Congress, with an attempt to designate their political *status.* The former appellations of "Republican" and "Democratic" are wholly out of date, many members who were elected as Democrats voting with the Republicans. We have classified the members as "Administration," denoted by "A.," and "Opposition," denoted by "O." In the House this classification is comparatively easy. All the members who voted for Mr. Colfax as Speaker are marked "A." Those who voted for Messrs. Cox, Dawson, Mallory, and other Opposition candidates, are denoted by "O." The whole number of votes cast for Speaker was 181, of which 101 were cast for Mr. Colfax. The entire number on our list is 186. We have classed those who were not present according to our best knowledge of their position. Our list contains several names not inserted on the official lists. The right of these gentlemen to seats is disputed. Supposing them to be confirmed, according to our estimate the Administration has 105 votes; the Opposition 81. It must be borne in mind, however, that several members whom we have classed as "O." vote with the Administration upon the essential questions concerning the carrying on of the war.—The Senate, by the official lists, consists of 50 members, among whom are two from "Virginia" and two from "West Virginia." In this body no strictly test vote has come up, and in classifying the Senators as "A." or "O." we have been guided partly by our knowledge of their antecedents, and partly by an examination of their votes thus far. With these explanations, we think that our list will be found nearly correct.

MEMBERS OF THE SENATE.

Anthony, H. B.	R. I.	A.
Bayard, James.	Del.	O.
Brown, B. Gratz.	Mo.	A.
Bowden, L. J.	Va.	O.
Buckalew, C. R.	Penn.	O.
Carlile, John S.	Va.	O.
Chandler, Zach.	Mich.	A.
Clark, Daniel.	N. H.	A.
Collamer, Jacob.	Vt.	A.
Conness, John.	Cal.	A.
Cowan, Edgar.	Penn.	O.
Davis, Garrett.	Ky.	O.
Dixon, James.	Conn.	A.
Doolittle, Jas. R.	Wis.	A.
Fessenden, W. P.	Me.	A.
Foot, Solomon.	Vt.	A.
Foster, L. S.	Conn.	A.
Grimes, Jas. W.	Iowa.	A.
Hale, John P.	N. H.	A.
Harlan, James.	Iowa.	A.
Harding, B. F.	Oregon.	O.
Harris, Ira.	N. Y.	A.
Henderson, J. B.	Mo.	O.
Hendricks, T. A.	Ind.	O.
Hicks, Thos. H.	Md.	O.
Howard, J. M.	Mich.	A.
Howe, Tim. O.	Wis.	A.
Johnson, Reverdy.	Md.	O.
Lane, Henry S.	Ind.	A.
Lane, Jas. H.	Kansas.	A.
M'Dougall, J. N.	Cal.	O.
Morgan, E. D.	N. Y.	A.
Morrill, Lot M.	Maine.	A.
Nesmith, J. M.	Oregon.	O.
Pomeroy, S. C.	Kansas.	A.
Powell, Lazarus.	Ky.	O.
Ramsay, Alex.	Minn.	A.
Richardson, W. A.	Ill.	O.
Saulsbury, Wm.	Del.	O.
Sherman, John.	Ohio.	A.
Sprague, Wm.	R. I.	A.
Sumner, Chas.	Mass.	A.
Ten Eyck, J. C.	N. J.	O.
Trumbull, Lyman.	Ill.	A.
Van Winkle, P.	W. Va.	R.
Wade, Benj.	Ohio.	A.
Wilkinson, M. J.	Minn.	A.
Willey, W. T.	W. Va.	A.
Wilson, Henry.	Mass.	A.
Wright, Wm.	N. J.	O.

MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

Allen, James C.	Ill.	O.
Allen, William J.	Ill.	O.
Alley, John B.	Mass.	A.
Allison, Wm. B.	Iowa.	A.
Ames, Oakes.	Mass.	A.
Ancona, S. E.	Penn.	O.
Anderson, L.	Ky.	A.
Arnold, Isaac N.	Ill.	A.
Ashley, Jas. M.	Ohio.	A.
Bailey, Joseph.	Penn.	O.
Baldwin, J. D.	Mass.	A.
Baldwin, A. C.	Mich.	O.
Baxter, Portus.	Vt.	A.
Beaman, F. C.	Mich.	A.
Blaine, Jas. G.	Me.	A.
Blair, F. B., Jun.	Mo.	A.
Blair, Jacob B.	Va.	A.
Bliss, George.	Ohio.	O.
Blow, Henry T.	Mo.	A.
Boutwell, G. S.	Mass.	A.
Boyd, S. H.	Mo.	A.
Brandegee, A.	Conn.	A.
Brooks, Jas.	N. Y.	O.
Broomall, J. M.	Penn.	A.
Brown, Jas. S.	Wis.	O.
Brown, Wm. G.	Va.	A.
Chanler, J. W.	N. Y.	O.
Chandler, L. H.	Va.	A.
Clarke, F.	N. Y.	A.
Clark, A. W.	N. Y.	A.
Clay, Brutus J.	Ky.	A.
Cobb, Amasa.	Wis.	A.
Coffroth, A. H.	Penn.	O.
Cole, Cornelius.	Cal.	A.
Colfax, Schuyler.	Ind.	A.
Cox, Samuel S.	Ohio.	O.
Cravens, Jas. A.	Ind.	O.
Cresswell, J. A. J.	Md.	A.
Davis, H. Winter.	Md.	A.
Davis, Thos. T.	N. Y.	A.
Dawes, H. L.	Mass.	A.
Dawson, J. L.	Penn.	O.
Deming, H. C.	Conn.	A.
Denison, Chas.	Penn.	O.
Dixon, N. F.	R. I.	A.
Driggs, John F.	Mich.	A.
Donnelly, I.	Min.	A.
Dumont, E.	Ind.	A.
Eckley, E. R.	Ohio.	A.
Eden, John R.	Ill.	O.
Edgerton, Jos. K.	Ind.	O.
Eldridge, C. A.	Wis.	O.
Eliot, Thos. D.	Mass.	A.
English, Jas. E.	Conn.	O.
Farnsworth, J. F.	Ill.	A.
Fenton, R. E.	N. Y.	A.
Finck, Wm. E.	Ohio.	O.
Frank, A.	N. Y.	A.
Ganson, John,	N. Y.	O.
Garfield, Jas. A.	Ohio.	A.
Gooch, Dan. W.	Mass.	A.
Grider, Henry.	Ky.	O.
Grinnell, J. B.	Iowa.	A.
Griswold, J. A.	N. Y.	O.
Hale, Jas. T.	Penn.	A.
Hall, Wm. A.	Mo.	O.
Harding, Aaron.	Ky.	O.
Harrington, H. W.	Ind.	O.
Harris, Chas. M.	Ky.	O.
Harris, Ben. G.	Md.	O.
Herrick, Anson.	N. Y.	O.
Higby, William.	Cal.	A.
Holman, Wm. S.	Ind.	O.
Hooper, Samuel.	Mass.	A.
Hotchkiss, G.	N. Y.	A.
Hubbard, A. W.	Iowa.	A.
Hubbard, J. H.	Conn.	A.
Hulburd, C. T.	N. Y.	O.
Hutchins, W. A.	Ohio.	O.
Jenckes, Thos. A.	R. I.	A.
Julian, Geo. W.	Ind.	A.
Johnson, Philip.	Penn.	O.
Johnson, Wm.	Ohio.	O.
Kalbfleisch, M.	N. Y.	O.
Kasson, John A.	Iowa.	A.
Kelley, Wm. D.	Penn.	A.
Kellogg, F. W.	Mich.	A.
Kellogg, O.	N. Y.	A.
Kernan, Francis.	N. Y.	O.
King, Austin A.	Mo.	O.
Kitchen, B. M.	Va.	A.
Knapp, Antony L.	Ill.	O.
Law, John.	Ind.	O.
Lazear, Jesse.	Penn.	O.
Le Blond, F. C.	Ohio.	O.
Littlejohn, D. C.	N. Y.	A.
Loan, Benj. F.	Mo.	A.
Longyear, J. W.	Mich.	A.
Long, Alex.	Ohio.	O.
Lovejoy, Owen.	Ill.	A.
Mallory, Robert.	Ky.	O.
Marcy, David.	N. H.	O.
Marvin, Jas. M.	N. Y.	A.
M'Allister, A.	Penn.	O.
M'Bride, J. R.	Oregon.	A.
M'Clurg, Jos. W.	Mo.	A.
M'Dowell, Jas. F.	Ind.	O.
M'Indoe, W. D.	Wis.	A.
M'Kenney, J. F.	Ohio.	O.
Middleton, Geo.	N. J.	O.
Miller, Saml. F.	N. Y.	A.
Miller, Wm. H.	Penn.	O.
Morrill, Justin S.	Vt.	A.
Morrison, Wm. R.	Ill.	O.
Morris, Jas. R.	Ohio.	O.
Morris, Daniel.	N. Y.	A.
Moorhead, J. K.	Penn.	A.
Myers, Amos.	Penn.	A.
Myers, Leonard.	Penn.	A.
Nelson, Homer A.	N. Y.	O.
Noble, Warren P.	Ohio.	O.
Norton, Jesse O.	Ill.	A.
Odell, Moses F.	N. Y.	O.
O'Neill, Chas.	Penn.	A.
O'Neill, John.	Ohio.	O.
Orth, Goodlove S.	Ind.	A.
Patterson, J. W.	N. H.	A.
Pendleton, G. H.	Ohio.	O.
Perham, Sid.	Maine.	A.
Perry, Nehemiah.	N. J.	O.
Pike, Fred. A.	Maine.	A.
Pomeroy, T. M.	N. Y.	A.
Price, Hiram.	Iowa.	A.
Pruyn, J. V. L.	N. Y.	O.
Radford, Wm.	N. Y.	O.
Randall, S. J.	Penn.	O.
Randall, Wm. H.	Ky.	A.
Rice, Alex. H.	Mass.	A.
Rice, John H.	Maine.	A.
Robinson, Jas. C.	Ill.	O.
Rogers, And. J.	N. J.	O.
Rollins, Ed. H.	N. H.	A.
Rollins, James S.	Mo.	O.
Ross, Lewis W.	Ill.	O.
Schenck, R. C.	Ohio.	A.
Scofield, G. W.	Penn.	A.
Scott, John G.	Mo.	O.
Segar, Joseph E.	Va.	
Smith, Green C.	Ky.	A.
Shannon, T. B.	Cal.	A.
Sloan, Ithamar.	Wis.	A.
Smithers, Nath. B.	Del.	A.
Starr, John F.	N. J.	A.
Spaulding, R. P.	Ohio.	A.
Stebbins, H. G.	N. Y.	O.
Steele, John B.	N. Y.	O.
Steele, Wm. G.	N. J.	O.
Stevens, Thad.	Penn.	A.
Stiles, John D.	Penn.	O.
Strouse, Myer.	Penn.	O.
Stuart, John T.	Ill.	O.
Sweat, L. D. M.	Maine.	O.
Thayer, M. R.	Penn.	A.
Thomas, Francis.	Md.	A.
Tracy, H. W.	Penn.	A.
Upson, Charles.	Mich.	A.
Van Valkenburg.	N. Y.	A.
Voorhees, D. W.	Ind.	O.
Wadsworth, W. H.	Ky.	O.
Ward, Elijah.	N. Y.	O.
Washburne, E. B.	Ill.	A.
Washburn, W. B.	Mass.	A.
Webster, E. H.	Md.	A.
Whaley, K. V.	Va.	A.
Wheeler, Ezra.	Wis.	O.
White, C. A.	Ohio.	O.
White, J. W.	Ohio.	O.
Wilder, A. C.	Kansas.	A.
Williams, Thos.	Penn.	A.
Wilson, Jas. F.	Iowa.	A.
Windom, Wm.	Min.	A.
Winfield, C. H.	N. Y.	O.
Wood, Fernan.	N. Y.	O.
Wood, Benj.	N. Y.	O.
Woodbridge, F. E.	Vt.	A.
Yeaman, G. H.	Ky.	O.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*January* 5. A message was received from the President, recommending that the payment of bounties to veteran soldiers be continued until the 1st of February; accompanying this were letters from the Secretary of War and the Provost Marshal General in favor of the bounty system as opposed to that of drafting: referred to Committee on Military Affairs.—The Secretary of the Navy sent in a list of naval officers who have left the service and joined the rebels.—Several petitions were presented and referred.—Mr. Powell offered a bill prohibiting army and navy officers from interfering in State elections: referred to Judiciary Committee.—Mr. Wilson introduced a bill restoring the $400 bounty to veterans and $300 to volunteers until February 15, and offering $100 bounty to persons of African descent residing in States now in rebellion.—Mr. Ten Eyck moved the reference to the Judiciary Committee of that part of the President's Message relating to the reconstruction of the States; he spoke at length in favor of the President's plan: agreed to.

HOUSE.—*January* 5. Mr. Smith introduced a bill providing for paying bounty and pensions to soldiers from Ohio and Kentucky.—A Message from the President urging the extension of the time for paying bounties till February 1 was received and referred to Military Committee.—Mr. Fenton gave notice of a bill indemnifying loyal citizens for damages inflicted by the troops of the United States.—Mr. Coffroth proposed a resolution inquiring into the services rendered and compensation received by Jay Cooke & Co. in the sale of public securities: adopted.—Mr. Harrington gave notice of a bill paying bounties to soldiers who, having served less than three years, have been honorably discharged. Several unimportant subjects were also introduced.

VIRGINIA AND TENNESSEE.

Our two great armies are enjoying a season of rest. Beyond isolated raids and reconnoissances there is no intelligence from the Potomac or the Tennessee.—The barbarous treatment of our prisoners at Richmond, and the refusal of the enemy to treat with General Butler in relation to exchanges, have excited intense indignation, and it is reported that measures are to be taken which must induce the authorities at Richmond to alter their course.

FIGHT IN THE CHEROKEE COUNTRY.

We have unofficial reports of an engagement on the 18th of December, near Fort Gibson, between 1000 rebels under Quantrell and our forces under Colonel Phillips, resulting, after several hours' fighting, in the complete defeat of the enemy, who scattered in all directions.

TEXAS.

All accounts represent that the expedition to Texas is meeting with great success; but the details are indefinite. We present a few items from rebel sources:

Governor Lubbuck, in his message, urges the enrollment of all males between the ages of 16 and 60. He sees no reason why able-bodied old men should not be required to defend the State. Texas has furnished 90,000 men to the army, while its highest vote was 63,727. He estimates that the number of men between 16 and 60 in the State is not more than 27,000, and of these a large proportion had since been drawn into the army. He urges that officers should be obliged to enter the ranks whenever their companies fall below the minimum number.—Indians on the frontier are troublesome; they murder and steal horses, instigated, the Governor thinks, "by our barbarous Yankee enemies, and the renegade whites among them." These Indians must be severely chastised.—Aliens residing in Texas must be forced into the army equally with citizens.—Refugees from Arkansas and Louisiana come to Texas with their slaves. They should be welcomed. "It is better," he says, "to receive them than that they should fall into the hands of our abolition enemies, to be used against us. The refugee who seeks the last foot of soil unpolluted by the Yankees is far more entitled," says Gov. Lubbuck, "to our respect, sympathy, and protection than the wretched cravens and traitors who remain within the enemy's lines taking the oath of allegiance in the vain expectation of preserving the property they have not the courage or patriotism to defend."—Texans sometimes desert, and it is recommended that deserters be sentenced to hard labor in the penitentiary.—Distilleries ought to be closed; they use up grain, and demoralize the people and soldiers.—Nobody capable of bearing arms should be allowed to leave the State.—Confederate notes are at an enormous discount; something must be done to raise their value: the best thing is for the Government to take the control of the entire trade in cotton, tobacco, and naval stores.

General Magruder, under date of November 27, announces to the citizens of Texas that a formidable invasion is attempted. Banks had taken possession of the Lower Rio Grande, captured Aransas and Corpus Christi Passes, and was advancing upon Saluria. The proclamation of President Lincoln left no room for hope for any one to save his property, "especially his negroes," by submission. Moreover, the enemy had "brought with him from 5000 to 10,000 muskets with which to arm the slaves against their masters." General Magruder therefore recommends that all citizens residing upon navigable streams, or within fifty miles of the coast, should, at any cost, send their able-bodied male slaves into the interior. Lose your negroes, he says, "and your lands will become comparatively worthless."

General E. Kirby Smith, commanding in the Department, finds the impressment of cotton an absolute military necessity. He has placed the matter in the hands of a Committee, whose plan is to buy one half of the cotton, and pay for it in Confederate bonds or stocks, and give certificates exempting the remainder from impressment. Any planter delivering to the Government one half of his cotton, at any recognized dépôt, upon these terms, will be allowed to remove and sell the other half to the best customer he can find. All cotton, the Committee say, "attempted to be moved without the protection of an exemption from this office, will be liable to impressment for Government purposes; and any interference with the Government transportation by the holder of an exemption or by any of his agents, either by attempting to forestall the hiring of teams, or by offering or giving a higher rate of freight than proposed by this office, will cancel said exemption."

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR.

The Legislature of New York convened on the 5th of January. The National Administration have a decided majority in both branches: 78 to 50 in the House. The Message of Governor Seymour is in a great measure devoted to an attack upon the policy and measures of the National Administration. The Governor also has summarily removed the Police Commissioners of New York; basing this action mainly upon the ground of a paragraph in their Report, in which they imply that a majority of the rioters of last July were Irishmen and Catholics. The old Commissioners deny the right of the Governor to remove them without a formal trial, and until this point is legally decided remain in the exercise of the duties of their office. The new Board appointed by the Governor have organized, but have taken no measures to assume the direction of the police force.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FROM Europe there is little of importance. The English papers discuss at length the Messages of Presidents Davis and Lincoln. They think the plans of the latter to be impracticable; while the tone of the former shows no indications of yielding.

In the French Senate there has been sharp debate, in which the foreign policy of the Emperor was called in question; but the usual complimentary address was carried, and the Emperor replied in a conciliatory manner.

No definite changes have taken place in regard to the three great European troubles: the Polish insurrection, the Danish question, and the Congress of the rulers.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

It is now affirmed that the Archduke Maximilian will not accept the crown of Mexico; this report, however, rests upon no authenticated grounds. Meanwhile the position of the French army of invasion and occupation grows daily more perplexing.

The troops of Ecuador, under General Flores, who invaded the States of Colombia, have met with a serious defeat. Mosquera, the President of Colombia, having succeeded in gathering about 4000 men, attacked Flores, who had 6500, and routed him after a sharp action, killing and wounding, according to report, 1500, and taking 2000 prisoners. This action occurred on the 6th of December.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

THE following Union officers have died at Camp Groce, Texas, while prisoners in the hands of the rebels:

Lieutenant FRANK BARTLETT, Forty-second Massachusetts Volunteers, of dysentery, August 22, 1863.

Surgeon A. J. CUMMINS, Forty-second Massachusetts Volunteers, September 9, 1863.

Lieutenant JESSE W. RUMSEY (formerly a compositor in the New York *Herald* office), One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New York Volunteers, October 11, 1863.

Lieutenant MATHIAS HAYES, One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New York Volunteers, October 16, 1863.

Colonel J. F. PIERSON and Captain J. A. SCRYMSER, selected by the Sub-Committee appointed at the recent meeting held at the Cooper Institute, to visit the Army of the Potomac to explain to New York regiments the matter of bounties, etc., have left for the army. The total bounty to those who re-enlist will not be less than $777. Of this $402 will be paid by Government: $300, and in some counties more, by county, and $75 by the State. Each man re-enlisting should receive from his mustering officer a paper showing to what town, city, and county he is to be credited. The State and county bounties will be paid when the men come home on furlough.

It has been ordered that but one passenger train shall hereafter leave Washington daily for the Army of the Potomac—namely, at a quarter before ten in the forenoon. Other trains are exclusively for freight. Sutlers can accompany their goods, provided their passes have been countersigned the previous day.

Fifty of FORREST'S guerrillas, a Colonel, Major, and Chaplain, were captured by General DODGE'S mounted infantry, near Pulaski, Tennessee, on the 25th, three of them in chains, charged with the murder of Federal soldiers last summer. The skulls of the murdered men, placed as ornaments on the mantle-piece, were found in their room.

The enlistments in this city under the last call have been 3167. In order to put a stop to the speculation of enlistment-brokers, who enlist men here for other States, Governor SEYMOUR has issued the following order:

ALBANY, *December* 15, 1863.

SPECIAL ORDERS No. 261.—The Judge-Advocate-General is directed to take legal measures for the arrest and punishment of all persons who may, in violation of the laws of this State, procure volunteers in the city of New York to be recruited and credited elsewhere. By order of the Commander-in-Chief.

JOHN T. SPRAGUE, Adjutant-General.

A dispatch from Chattanooga states that seven members of the Sixth Ohio Battery have been captured by the rebels, near Tullahoma, and brutally murdered. They were tied to trees, shot, and their bodies thrown into the river.

Captain THOMAS WILSON has been appointed Chief Commissary of the Army of the Potomac in place of A. H. CLARK, who has been relieved and ordered to report at New York. He is the son of JOSEPH L. WILSON, Chief Clerk of the Land Office.

The official rebel loss at Chicamauga is stated as follows: Killed, 2299; dangerously wounded, 4780; slightly, 10,500; missing, 1900.

The value of the prizes captured by our navy since the commencement of the rebellion is shown by official figures to amount to over $100,000,000.

A petition is in circulation, signed by the officers of the Potomac flotilla and the Navy-yard here, asking that HENRY WALTERS, late Acting Ensign, commanding the gunboat *Reliance*, that was captured by the rebels in July last in the Rappahannock, be reinstated. He was dismissed from the service by the Department, and it is stated on the occasion WALTERS fought desperately.

The Navy Department will, on the 5th of January, dispatch the supply steamer *Bermuda* from Philadelphia to the Gulf Squadron, and on the 9th the supply steamer *Massachusetts* to the South Atlantic Squadron.

The ordnance officer of the Monitor *Patapsco* has furnished a transcript from his record of the expenditures of shot, shell, and powder by that vessel during her period of service of less than a year. The armament of the *Patapsco* is one 8-inch rifle and one 15-inch Dahlgren (smooth bore). The record shows that up to November 4 this Monitor expended, for the 8-inch rifle, 44 tons plus 640 pounds of shot, or altogether, 109,200. Expenditure of powder for rifle gun, 14,970 pounds. For her 15-inch gun she expended 7 tons plus 1430 pounds, or 17,130 pounds of shot. Expenditure of powder for 15-inch gun, 12,095 pounds. A very simple calculation from these data shows that the 8-inch rifle has fired 541 rounds (109,200 pounds of shot, divided by 200, which is the weight of each shot), while the 15-inch gun has fired but 43 times—(17,130 pounds of shot, divided by 400, which is the approximate weight of the shot of the 15-inch gun): that is, more than twelve rounds have been fired from the 200-pounder rifle for every one from the 15-inch Dahlgren.

On account of the enormous amount of work to be previously done, General M'CLELLAN'S report can not be issued for several weeks yet, as there are to be twenty maps engraved for it.

The Richmond *Examiner* says that the rebel army in East Tennessee has gone into winter-quarters.

At its late anniversary, the Missionary Society of the Cincinnati Conference elected General GRANT an honorary member. Rev. J. F. MARLAY communicated the fact to the General, and the following is his reply:

DEAR SIR,—Through you permit me to express my thanks to the society of which you are the honored secretary for the compliment they have seen fit to pay me by electing me one of its members.

I accept the election as a token of earnest support, by members of the Methodist Missionary Society of the Cincinnati Conference, to the cause of our country in this hour of trial.

I have the honor to be, very truly, your obedient servant, U. S. GRANT, Major-General U.S.A.

Major THOMAS D. ARMASY and Lieutenant DANIEL DAVIS, two rebel officers recently convicted by court-martial of recruiting within the Union lines, were on Saturday conveyed to Fort Warren, sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment.

The Legislature of Alabama has voted that the carpets of the State Capitol at Montgomery shall be cut up into blankets for the Alabama soldiers in the rebel army.

The War Department has ordered that any armed vessel in the service of the United States, which shall make a capture, or assist in making a capture, shall be entitled to prize-money as if she belonged to the navy—subject, of course, to the regulations.

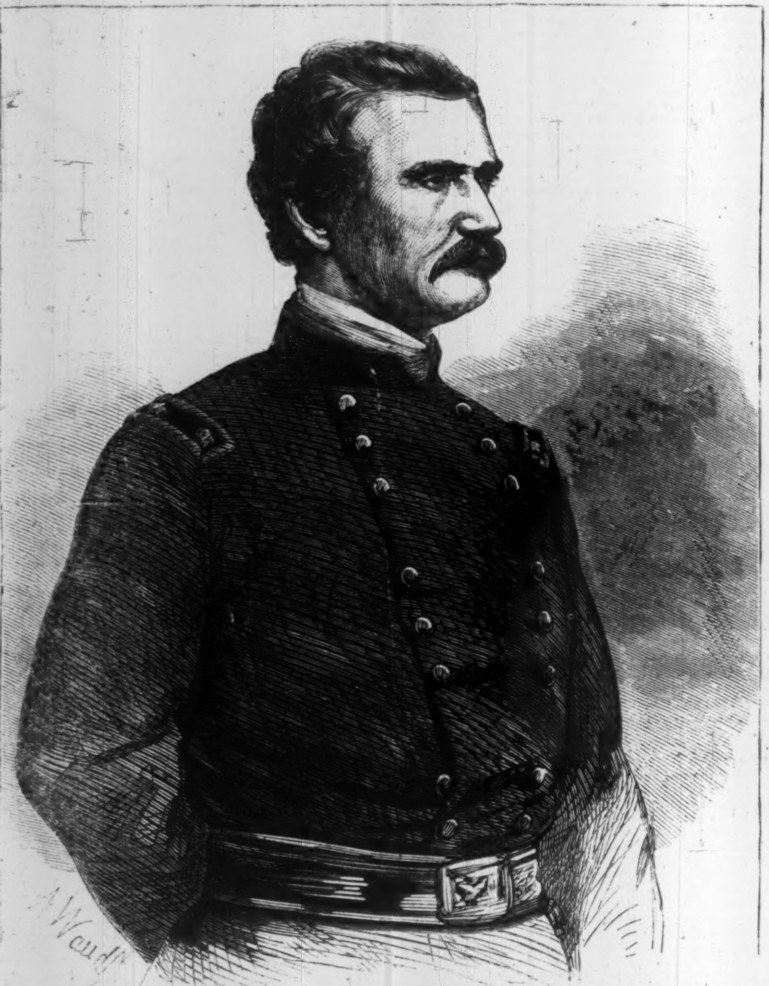
General ROSECRANS is to take the place of General SCHOFIELD in the Department of Missouri.

General STONEMAN, Chief of the Cavalry Bureau, has, at his own request, been relieved of that command, and has been ordered to report to General GRANT. Colonel GERARD has been placed in charge of the Bureau.

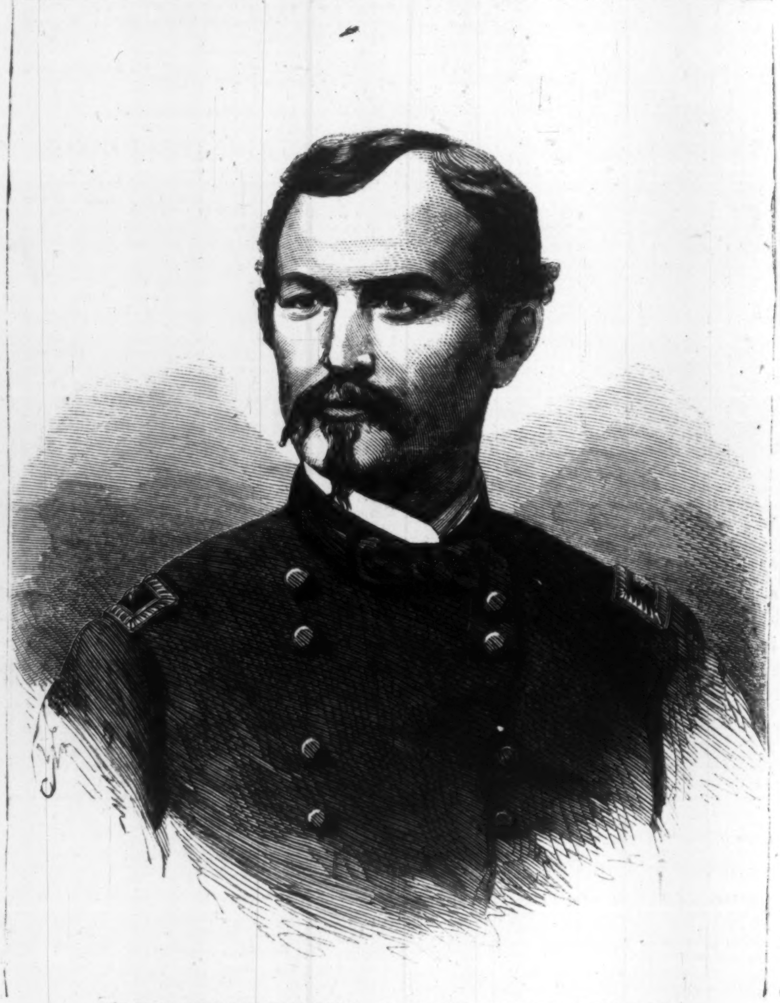
The Ninth, Twenty-ninth, and Thirty-fifth Indiana regiments have re-enlisted for three years, to a man. They will have a short furlough home in a few days. They are now at Chattanooga. Recruits from all portions of Indiana are pouring into Indianapolis. At least one hundred arrive daily, and are sent into the numerous camps.

Captain H. T. ANDERSON, Fifty-first Indiana Regiment, and J. T. SKELTON, Seventeenth Iowa Regiment, escaped a short time ago from the Libey Prison at Richmond. They report that the supplies furnished the prisoners were scant in quantity and miserable in quality, but the best they could give.

General BUTLER has issued an important order, providing for the enlistment of colored troops and the care of their families in the Department of Virginia and North Carolina.



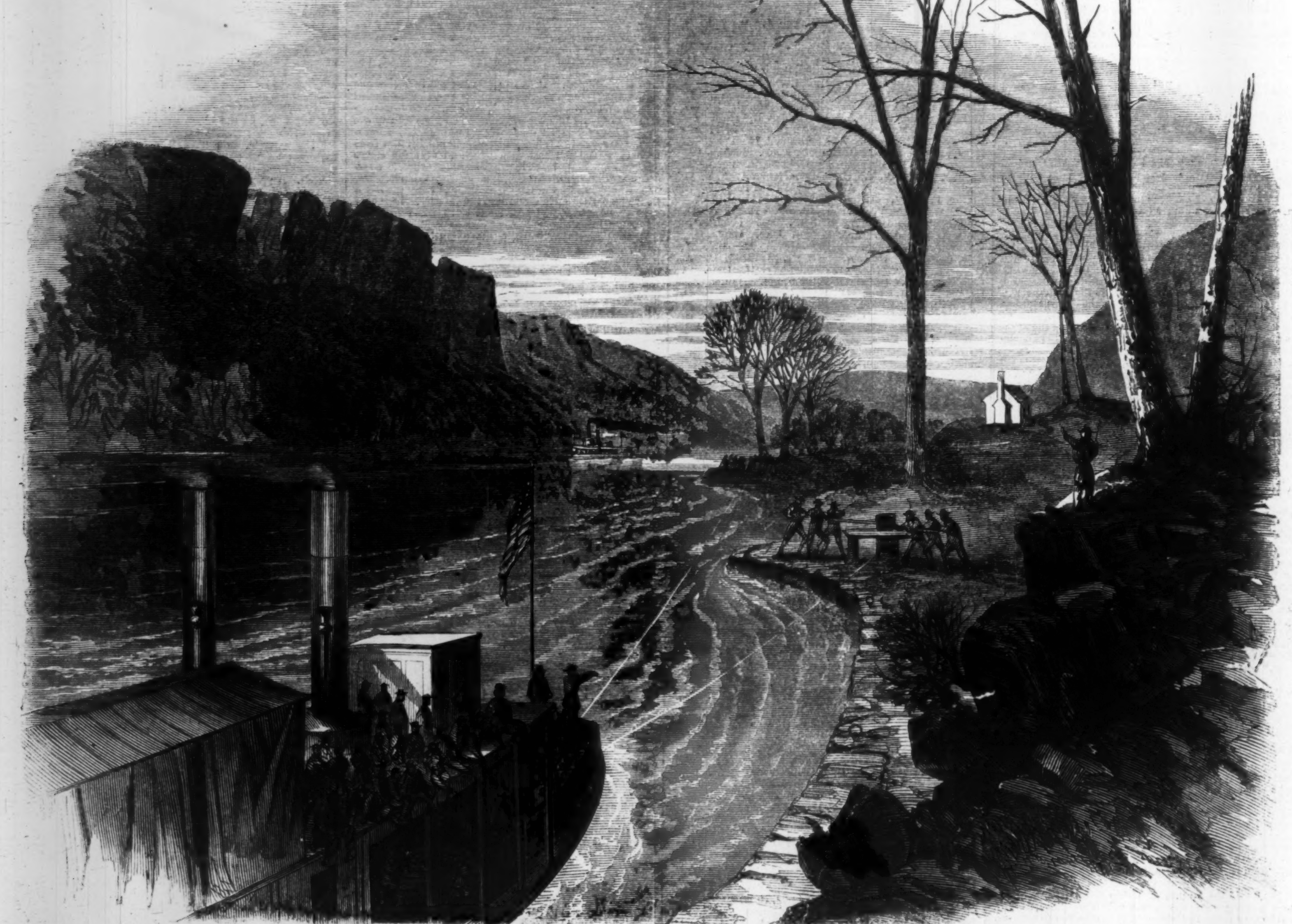
MAJOR-GENERAL ANDREW A. HUMPHREYS.]



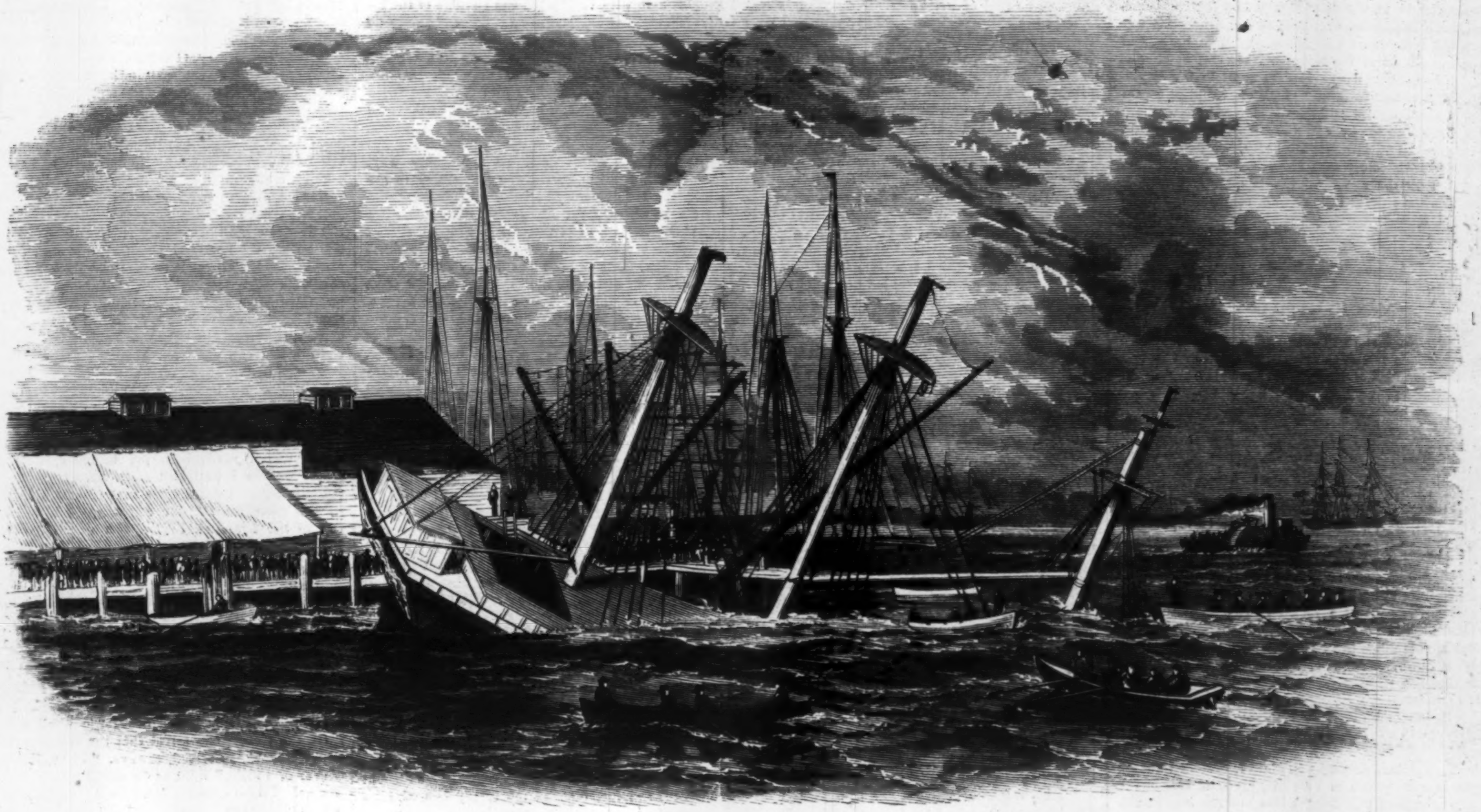
GENERAL WILLIAM W. AVERILL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 34.]

GENERAL HUMPHREYS.

THIS veteran commander, whose portrait is given above, entered the Military Academy from Pennsylvania, in 1827, graduated in 1831, and was appointed Second Lieutenant in the Artillery, but acted for a short time as Assistant-Professor of Engineering. He then served on the sea-board and in the Cherokee Country until assigned to duty with the Topographical Engineers. Afterward he served in the Florida war, and was specially mentioned for his gallantry in the engagement of June 9, 1836. In 1838 he was again assigned to the Engineers, and in 1844 was put in charge of the Central Office of the Coast Survey at Washington. In 1848 he was appointed Captain, and in 1850 was directed to undertake surveys and investigations upon the Mississippi River and Delta, the object being to determine the means of preventing inundations and increasing the depth of water on the bars. This work occupied nearly ten years, in the course of which he visited Europe. He had, moreover, the charge of the railroad explorations from the Mississippi to the Pacific. In 1861 he became Chief of Topograph-



THE "SUCK" IN THE TENNESSEE RIVER.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE [illegible].]



THE WRECK OF THE "AQUILA," AT SAN FRANCISCO.

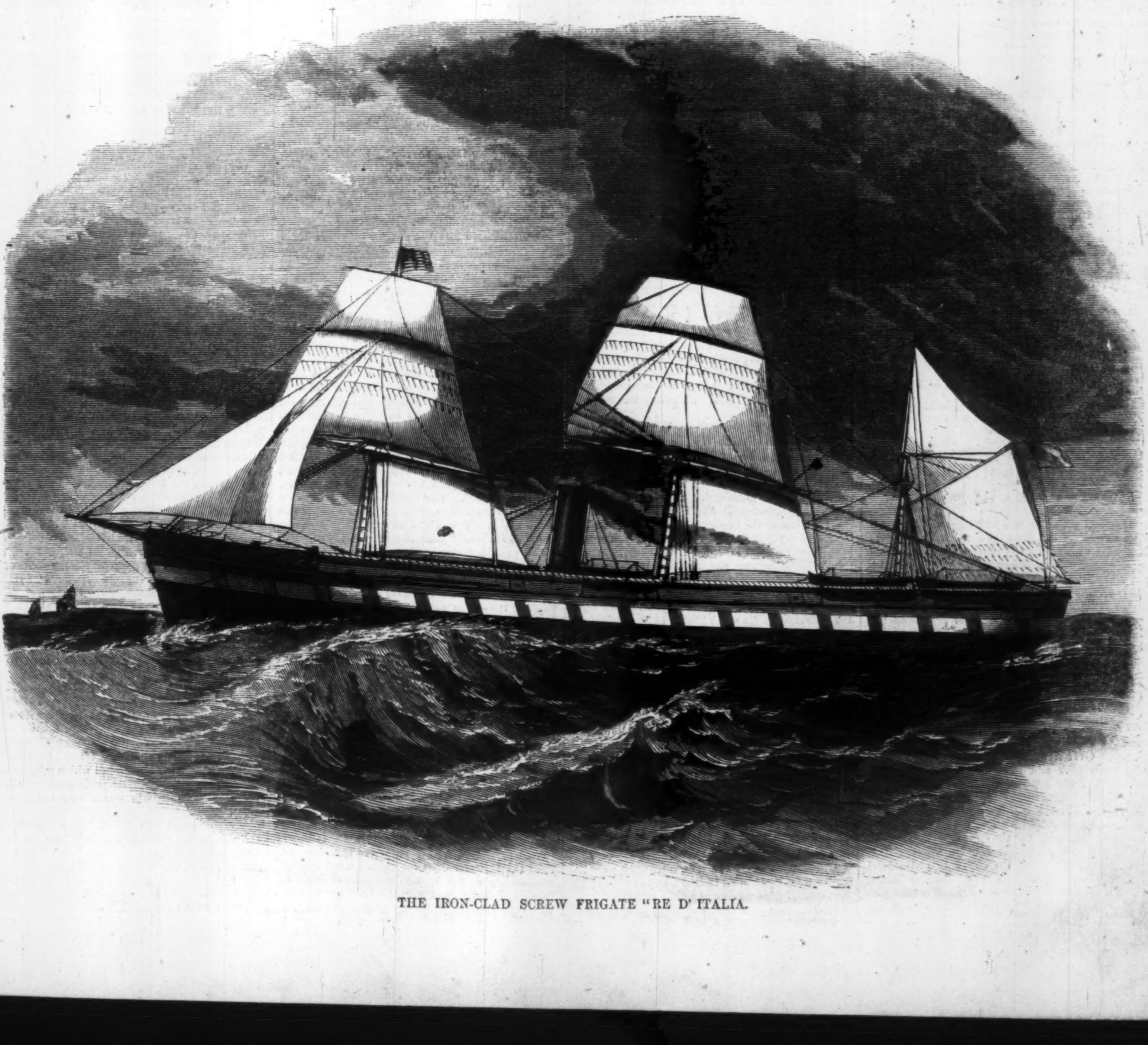
ical Engineers on General M'Clellan's staff, and in April, 1862, was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers. In September he was placed in command of the Third Division, Fifth Corps—a new division, with which he made a forced march from Washington, performing 23 miles in one night, and joined M'Clellan early on the morning after the battle of Antietam, supposing that the battle would be renewed. The heroic charge of this division at Fredericksburg and its brilliant conduct at Chancellorsville are fresh in remembrance. When this division of nine months' volunteers was mustered out of service its gallant commander was appointed Major-General. At Gettysburg he commanded a division of the Third Corps, whose noble conduct needs no fresh mention. Since that time General Humphreys has acted as Chief of Staff to the commander of the Army of the Potomac.

THE WRECK OF THE "AQUILA."

THE *Aquila* was some months ago sent from New York to San Francisco, having on board, as freight, the "Monitor" *Camanche*. Surviving all the perils of the voyage around Cape Horn, the *Aquila* was sunk while lying at a wharf at San Francisco. Our correspondent furnishes us with a sketch of the vessel, taken as she lay on the 25th of November, just after the accident, which we give on this page. He writes: "Early yesterday morning it was announced that the *Aquila*, having the *Camanche* on board, had sunk in the night at Hathaway's wharf. It was too true. After surviving storms and escaping pirates, she had gone down within a stone's-throw of our business thoroughfare. I send you a sketch of her as she lies, with only about twenty-five feet of the after-hull and deck visible, the sea sweeping through and over her decks. The vessel was brought in and moored alongside the wharf, the wind blowing freshly down the bay, raising a heavy sea, to which the broadside of the vessel was exposed. Under her stern was a hard bottom, against which she beat, or rather was beaten, until a hole was made, and down she went. At high tide there is 37 or 38 feet of water above her bow.

THE ITALIAN IRON-CLAD.

WE present on this page a view of the iron-clad steam-frigate *Re d' Italia*, built for the Italian Government by Mr. William H. Webb, of New York.



THE IRON-CLAD SCREW FRIGATE "RE D' ITALIA.

Her length at the spar-deck is 258 feet, extreme breadth 55 feet, depth of hold 33 feet, draught of water 23 feet. She has two back-action horizontal engines, built at the Novelty Works, of 800 horse-power together, with cylinders of 84 inches diameter and 45 inches stroke of piston, supplied by six horizontal tubular boilers. Her engineer's trial trip was made on the 12th of November, and though not intended as an ultimate trial trip, her performance was so satisfactory that the vessel was at once accepted by the agents of the Italian Government, which had reserved the right of rejecting her if she failed to answer the stipulations of the contract. On the 30th of December she made an experimental trip down the bay of New York under the charge of her own officers. She ran ashore in a fog, but was got off in a day or two without serious damage. The vessel is in every respect one of the most beautiful specimens of naval architecture afloat. It is supposed that she will attain a speed of 12 knots an hour, being considerably greater than that of any other iron-clad yet constructed. Her armament consists of 32 guns.

THE “SUCK” IN THE TENNESSEE RIVER.

THE river at the “Suck” is about 300 yards wide and very deep, but the current is so rapid that steamers can not head against it, and are obliged to be pulled up by a windlass. The water runs comparatively smoothly until within a short distance from the “Suck,” when it breaks into waves and dashes against a rock on the left, flinging the foam high in the air. Waldron's Ridge, on the left bank, resembles the Palisades on the Hudson; the trees, however, run nearly to the top. On the right is Raccoon Ridge.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THE picture on pages 40 and 41, sketched during the late campaign in Virginia, gives an idea of the appearance of this army when moving into battle. In the extreme distance the enemy's artillery is seen on a crest, his infantry below, disputing the advance. Nearer are our own guns supporting the troops. Brigades, recognized by their flags, are pressing on at double-quick; artillery, enveloped in dust, are galloping to a position. Near by is a group of ambulances. In the fore-ground are French and Birney, with their staffs. In the front is Meade; near him are Generals Sykes, Humphreys, and Pleasanton, with Chief-Engineer Duane. The whole picture, though representing but a single moment of action, gives a fair idea of an army going into battle.

THE PICKET.

WHAT ruddy stain is this?
Perchance of morning flowers—
Of dew-wet, odorous flowers;
Did ever mother, ever maiden kiss,
On cheek of new-born down,
Or set with bearded brown,
These flowers, and think the inner heaven of heaven
Had no such bliss?
It may be morning blooms are passing fair;
But since to human cheeks their tints were given,
The sweetest blooms are there.

A pale face motionless,
Close by the stain of flowers,
The stain of blood or flowers;
Did ever mother, ever maiden press
White fingers on this stone,
And think to be alone,
And not feel *it* were very far from heaven
And happiness?
It may be. Since white fingers once have pressed
Such sculpture, the quick pulses through them driven
Are very near to rest.

A grave dug in the sand,
Near to the stain of flowers—
The red stain *not* of flowers;
Shall ever mother, ever maiden stand
Within a lonely home,
And say, “When will he come
Out from returning ranks? How long he lingers
With his victorious band!”
It shall be. Tender, loving lips have kissed
Their last: and never more shall thrill white fingers
For that one picket missed.

MISS SMITH.

I SAW her in a photograph album, and my doom was sealed.

We were eating creams and jelly in Mrs. Paulding's parlor. I had done the usual amount of dancing, and whirled merrily round in the waltz and redowa; but there was now a cessation in the music, and flirtations went on in a low tone over our tea-spoons. My late partner set down her plate with a sigh of disappointment.

“It is vanilla, and I never eat any thing but chocolate. Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Featherstonhaugh. Nothing more for me but a small lady-finger. Shall we look through Mrs. Paulding's album? I dote on photographs.”

She opened it, I don't know whether with malice prepense or not, but she opened it in the middle. A vignette, with dove-like eyes, angelic smile, curls *à la Eugénie*, and a white waist, looked me in the face. I bent rapturously forward for the second glance. Over went my ice and Charlotte on Miss Wigham's pink silk double-ruffled skirt. She screamed, I blushed and stammered, a crowd of sympathizing damsels gathered round. Miss Wigham was conducted, half-fainting, to the dressing-room, and I retreated in a crest-fallen condition to the nearest corner. But the spell was already upon me. No matter whether I upset a pyramid or brought destruction on the entire supper-table, I must get back to the album. The “Lancers” struck up, as if to cover my advance. Miss Wigham, pale but composed, with an ominous dampness in her dress, and a curl of her lip in my direction, swept forward to the head couple, while I, possessed with the one idea, edged toward the table.

The book lay open still. No cream had soiled, no Charlotte profaned it. On the opposite page sat a stout lady with an ugly cap and still uglier baby; but there on the right hand gleamed out the eyes of my enchantress. What grace! What loveliness! The arch of that snowy neck! that bewitching mouth! even the fluttering curve of the ribbon that circled the beautiful throat! Life without her was, I felt, a blank. I must find her; must woo and win and wear her as a precious jewel in my heart. My hostess, like a benevolent fairy, approached me. She was in the “grand chain,” but I arrested her. “Might I inquire, Mrs. Paulding, the name of this—this”—“angel,” was on my lips—but in deference to the conventionalities of society I substituted “lady?”

“That?” said Mrs. Paulding, dancing past, “oh, that is my cousin, Mrs. Peek. A sweet child, is it not?”

The last sentence fell upon unheeding ears. I was stupefied, confounded, dashed into an abyss of woe. This Peri—this priceless Pearl, Mrs. Peek? The bride of another? Lost to me forever?

The book still rested in my nerveless hand. Still my eyes were fixed upon the fated page. Mrs. Paulding *chasséed* by again.

“Ah!” she exclaimed with another glance, “I see you are not looking at Mrs. Peek: That young lady opposite, with the tucked spencer, is a Miss Smith, I think, from New York, or Boston.”

I was in the seventh heaven again. Blissful “Miss!” Never should she change the title till my euphonious surname had been offered to her acceptance. Somebody joined me. I shut the album instinctively. The gaze of another would be profanation.

“Ah, Feathers!” said my friend Stokes—“Feathers” was the usual unpleasant abbreviation by which I was disrespectfully addressed—“it's past midnight, I believe. Don't you mean to apologize to Miss Wigham? You'd better see her home. How could you be so awkward?”

“Miss Wigham be hanged!” I returned, almost unconsciously.

Stokes stared.

“I mean I—I'm very sorry,” I resumed, with a stammer, beginning to come to myself. “I'll send her a bouquet to-morrow.” And thereupon shone before me a vision of the bouquets—all forget-me-nots and blush roses—which I should send some day to Miss Smith. “Excuse me, Stokes; I must bid good-night to Mrs. Paulding.”

“A delightful evening, my dear Madame!” I observed, with my politest bow. “In your rooms we find always the ‘feast of reason and the flow of soul.’ But the photograph which I was admiring. It is, it is”—what should I say next?—“uncommonly like a dear lost aunt of mine. Could you tell me where I should be likely to find Miss Smith?”

“Why, I scarcely know, Mr. Featherstonhaugh,” returned the lady, dubiously. “I have never seen her myself; she is an acquaintance of my sister's. Miss Smith, of New York—yes, I'm positive of New York; but that is all I can tell you.”

“Perhaps your sister—?” I suggested, pertinaciously.

“Oh, my sister is in Europe! Will be absent till next summer. You are sure you don't mean Mrs. Peek?”

I left in desperation.

Returning home I stirred up my fire, lit a cigar, and sat down, in the orthodox midnight fashion, with my feet upon the fender. Rosy dreams flitted through my brain. What were the “Reveries of a Bachelor” compared with mine? Pshaw! had I written the book my lines would have glowed with the breath of Cupid. Miss Smith would have looked out from every page. Twelve editions in six months would have enriched the publishers, and given me a fortune to lay at her feet. As it was, my reveries, though not pecuniarily profitable, opened to me an Elysium. Miss Smith beamed out at me through the embers; Miss Smith closed my eyelids when, at three in the morning, I retreated to bed; Miss Smith awoke with me, and—metaphorically speaking—held my shaving cup; Miss Smith accompanied me to the banking-house, hovered beside my stool, and almost signed the bills. I lived and breathed in an atmosphere of Miss Smith. Broadway was peopled with her image.

For two days this luxurious delirium bore me up on the high tide of bliss; then came a sense of vacancy in the world around me. I must find her—must fly to her—must pour out the fullness of my heart! But whither should I fly? New York was wide, and Smiths abounded. Was my *inamorata* a daughter of John Smith, Esq.? What sacred spot, from Harlem to the Brooklyn Ferry, should be the Mecca of my pilgrimage? It was, as you see, a cruel question; and I decided upon another application to Mrs. Paulding, and wondered if the Atlantic Telegraph Company would not hasten its preparations, that I might draw through the briny waves intelligence of Miss Smith. What would have been the message of Queen Victoria to the President compared with that? But the Company was dilatory. Cyrus W. Field had probably never known Miss Smith; and I hastened up to Mrs. Paulding's, feeling I must hear or die. I was ushered into the parlor. The Album, that shrine of my idol, lay upon the table. I seized it, of course, and feasted my eyes upon her image. I don't know how long the waiter staid up stairs—Time was swallowed up to me in Miss Smith!—but he came down again with Mrs. Paulding's compliments. She was to leave the city that afternoon, and was very much engaged; would the gentleman excuse her? The servant withdrew. I shut the book in despair; opened it again; cast one wild glance around; saw I was alone; and then—I blush to confess it, but even love's crimes are sacred—I stole the photograph, and didn't leave my card!

The lagging hours of the ensuing week were beguiled by my ill-gotten treasure, and at the expiration of that time fortune appeared to smile. I received an offer of a clerkship from a Wall Street broker, and, with very much the feelings of the individuals who independently advertise “Salary no object,” hastened to New York in person to signify my acceptance. It is true I seemed not much nearer the goal of my existence than before; but I breathed the same air as Miss Smith, perambulated the same pavements, and no doubt rode in the same omnibus. Omnibuses indeed afforded me one of my greatest hopes. From the Battery to Eighty-sixth Street I rolled daily on my weary way. Evangeline chasing her lover was nothing to my exploits; yet I cherished a fellow-feeling for Evangeline, and bought the engraving to hang over my shaving-glass. The precious photograph was kept in my left vest-pocket next my heart. Alas, alas! what fluctuations of bliss and misery awaited me! I entered, for example, the Sixth Avenue cars; at the extreme end sat a lady with primrose gloves, black lace veil, and a cashmere. There were the dove-like eyes and drooping curls—ah, Eureka! could it be Miss Smith? On and on we glided. Yorkville was in sight. At last she alighted; I followed. She dropped her handkerchief; I picked it up. “Miss Smith?” I timidly murmured. “Sir!” she responded in a basso voice sadly in contrast with the curls, “Do you wish to insult me? My name is Van Dunderbergh!”

A love like mine must leave of course its impress. I began to grow haggard—even pale and thin. It may be well to mention that I had formerly approximated a weight of two hundred. My eyes became hawk-like and prying. Out of office-hours I walked and rode incessantly. I have said that I sympathized with Evangeline; I began also to sympathize with the Wandering Jew. My melancholy condition attracted notice. A young man in the same office found his feelings moved toward me. I had not confided to him my secret, but he pityingly fancied me on the verge of lunacy. “I say, Feathers,” he remarked one twilight, when gold was down and business dull, “what you need is cheerful society. Come with me to-night to a little party. My cousin, Miss Smith—”

“Bless you! bless you! my dear fellow!” I exclaimed, falling upon his neck. “Let us go at once. Lead me, oh lead me to my adored Miss Smith!”

“Now, now, Feathers!” he repeated, soothingly. “Be calm! be calm! I don't know that it will be safe to trust you. If we had a dose of valerian!”

“I will swallow it by the bottleful,” I returned, excitedly. “Only take me to Miss Smith.”

“But you can't go, you know, unless you're quiet,” he expostulated in gentle tones. “Go home and rest yourself. Take nothing but weak black tea and a cracker, and I will call for you at eight. You are sure you will be quiet?”

“Any thing for Miss Smith!” I answered, with an effort at composure. “But you will not fail me?”

“No; punctually at eight. It is a small party, you know.”

“And it is given by Miss Smith?”

“Precisely. I will get you an invitation. But do you know her?”

“You shall see, my dear fellow,” I returned, collectedly. “But not a word to Miss Smith.”

Briggs departed mystified.

True to his promise, however, he entered my room at eight; and found me irreproachably attired in a dress coat and lemon kids. I was pacing up and down with frequent pauses before the mirror, and a heart too full for words. We left. I presume, indeed I know, that we drove over the Russ pavement; but to me we seemed wafted through translucent skies on the wheels of Apollo's chariot. We paused at a brown-stone front. I grasped Briggs's arm convulsively. Another moment and we were ushered into the apartment where three Misses Smith, one in white, one in pink, and another in blue, received their friends. The blue lady stepped forward to meet me with undisguised curiosity; the white one smiled; the pink blushed. Ah me! my heart sank down to zero. I might be among the Graces, perhaps I was; but none of them was *my* Miss Smith. I felt myself growing pale, but with one heroic effort controlled myself, and went through the usual wretched formula of a night's enjoyment. At the end, however, a glow of virtuous satisfaction rewarded me. I had done my duty to Briggs, had danced successively with his three cousins, and not betrayed my despair. But the mockery of pickled oysters and Champagne I could not away with. Indeed I began to experience an insane desire to sup upon prussic acid; but taking refuge instead in a forlorn stoicism, I excused myself early, returned home, smoked six cigars, and went to bed. The next morning I began a novel in three volumes, entitled, “Miss Smith;” and while apparently engaged in exchanges and discount was in reality pondering the weighty question which publisher was most worthy to receive proposals for the forthcoming work. It might be as well, I thought, to step in in the afternoon at Harper's, and offer them the favor of advance sheets. But the route was circuitous, and as I passed by Stewart's a lady glided before me and entered the store. A magnetic thrill trembled through my frame. I caught one glimpse of the eyes that shone beneath the flowery roofing of her bonnet; the dark curls rippled from her forehead down those peach-blossom cheeks. Ah, Miss Smith! Miss Smith! The discovery of the philosopher's stone, of the northwest passage, of the Garden of the Hesperides, was as nothing compared with mine! I followed her, of course; and naught but the proximity of policemen restrained me from throwing myself at her feet. She bought one yard of muslin—how well I remember it!—at 87 cents, and then tripped like a fairy into the street again—up, up, interminable distances, I close behind, till she ascended the steps of a Madison Avenue mansion, stooped to caress a King Charles spaniel—how I envied him—who whined for joy at her approach, rang the bell and went in, while I stood without, disconsolate as the Peri at the gate of Paradise, though blessed indeed with the transporting sight of “Josiah Smith” upon the door-plate. A little bundle lay upon the sidewalk. She had dropped it. I picked it up and pressed it to my lips; then, struck with a happy thought, took from my pocket my own *carte de visite* (I carried a package of them always about me), wrapped it in the bundle, collared a small boy and sent him up the stoop with particular directions to leave it for Miss Smith. It was a bold stroke, perhaps, but the spirit of a Cæsar began to animate me. I could now say, “I came, I saw,” I must also add, “I conquered.” At least if I didn't it shouldn't be my fault. One hour I remained, rooted to the spot, till the passers-by began to regard me suspiciously, and the cravings of nature drew me imperiously off to dinner. With the gaslight I returned again. How breathe to Miss Smith the devotion which filled my soul? how penetrate to her presence? The door opened. My heart throbbed with expectation. Was she coming, like Tennyson's Maude? No, it was only the servant to bring in the evening paper; but the little dog had run out from behind him, and stood wagging his tail at me on the pavement. A wild impulse fired my brain. I had taken the first step in crime in Mrs. Paulding's parlor—the second I fear was easier. I made a sudden rush, seized the dog, pocketed him, and walked frantically home. There was a method in my madness, and the result was as I expected. An advertisement, in pathetic terms, headed by a $50 reward appeared in the next *Herald*, for a pet spaniel, answering to the name of Fidèle, lost or stolen from his inconsolable mistress. My heart bled at this record of her suffering, but it was necessary to retain him till the morrow. I fed him, however, upon loaf sugar and Italian beef-steaks; and the next morning, taking Fidèle in my arms, I tied a second *carte de visite* to his collar, wrote upon it, “The preserver of Fidèle,” and left it at her door. It was agony to remain in ignorance of the effect produced by these little manifestations of my feelings; but the manifestations themselves should, I resolved, continue. Every day for a week a bouquet, the richest and rarest that the conservatories could furnish, inscribed, always, “From the preserver of Fidèle,” went as an offering to my idol's shrine. I tried a poem; but “Smith” would rhyme with nothing but “myth;” and my own name, even had I been disposed to disclose it, could have been compressed into nothing shorter than an Alexandrine.

At last, at last—oh blissful terminus to all earthly woes!—there came a day when gold went down, and stocks declined, and bulls and bears waged fiercest war, and Shoddy trembled to its foundations over an impending crash; and I, who had long since lost all relish for such sublunary affairs, save only as they might appertain to the dower of Miss Smith, was nevertheless hurried, for filthy lucre's sake, from office to office in all conceivable directions. I crossed Broadway, or rather I rashly essayed it. Omnibuses, carts, and carriages mixed together in one inextricable jumble. There was a moment's pause; a lady was alighting; an omnibus door swung open and shut; the horses started; the lady fell; a patient nag, who had stood meekly by in the tumult, set his foot upon her bonnet. I sprang forward, raised her in my arms, heard her sweet lips whisper, “My preserver! the preserver of Fidèle!” and Miss Smith, my own Miss Smith, fainted in my embrace. Gladly would I have pressed her to my heart, but stern conventionalities forbade it. I called a carriage; I retained her in my arms; I pillowed her head upon my shoulder; we drove to Madison Avenue. An elderly individual, evidently Mr. Josiah Smith, stood upon the steps. To him I unwillingly resigned my burden, while Miss Smith, with most opportune recovery, again murmured, in my behalf, “My preserver! the preserver of Fidèle!” I presented my card to the astonished father. Might I be permitted to call that evening to inquire after the health of Miss Smith? Mr. Smith hesitated, looked at me, then at the imposing cognomen presented him, and invited me to dinner!

Need I add that Miss Smith now rejoices with me in the appellation of Mrs. Ferdinand F. Featherstonhaugh, *née* Smith?

SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT GETTYSBURG.

ON Sunday, June 14, 1863, the New Jersey Brigade to which I was attached, then at Franklin's Run on the Rappahannock, received orders to march in pursuit of Lee's army, then moving toward Pennsylvania. Our corps (General Sedgwick's) was the last to leave the Rappahannock, and the route we pursued was any thing but direct; but neither heat nor fatigue could abate the ardor of the men; all were eager to meet the enemy who had dared again to set his foot on Northern soil. At a distance of fifteen miles from Gettysburg, where the armies were massing, we first caught the murmurs of the opening battle, and from that time until we reached the scene all was enthusiasm among the weary, foot-sore braves, who counted as nothing all the pains of a march of one hundred and ninety-eight miles, now that they were within striking distance of the foe. Most of the way the ambulance trains had been crowded with both officers and men, weary, worn, and haggard; but the cannon's rattle, as it became more and more distinct, changed them in a twinkling into new creatures. At once all began to make ready to alight: it was no time for riding then; march was the word. Two hours later, at about three o'clock on the afternoon of the 3d of July, the head of our column arrived upon the battle-ground, halting upon a hill which gave us a full view of the field, excepting only a part of the left of the line, which was posted in a ravine out of sight.

Here occurred an incident which I shall never forget: As we came to a halt a poor fellow who looked the very image of death hobbled out of the ambulance in which he had been lying, and, shouldering his musket, was just starting forward, when the surgeon in charge stopped him with,

“Where are you going, Sir?”

"To the front, Doctor;" and the brave fellow tried hard to stand firm and speak boldly as he saluted the surgeon.

"To the front! What! a man in your condition? Why, Sir, you can't march half a mile; you haven't the strength to carry yourself, let alone your knapsack, musket, and equipments. You must be crazy, surely."

"But, Doctor, my division are in the fight"—here he grasped the wheel of an ambulance to support himself—"and I have a young brother in my company. I *must* go."

"But I am your surgeon, and I forbid you. You have every symptom of typhoid fever; a little over-exertion will kill you."

"Well, Doctor, if I *must* die, I would rather die in the field than in an ambulance."

The Doctor saw it was useless to debate the point, and the soldier went as he desired. On the evening of the next day it fell to my lot to bury him where he fell, his right arm blown off at the elbow, and his forehead pierced by a Minié ball. His name we could never learn; we only know that he belonged to the Third Division of the Sixth Corps, and that mark we placed at the head of his grave.

Shortly after 5 o'clock the bugle sounded "Fall in." At once drivers of ambulances sprang to their seats, and the rank and file to their feet from the road-side where they had been reclining, all alike covered with dust. But little cared they for the graces of the toilet; the bugle called "Forward," and they stepped out gladly to their work. A march of something less than an hour brought us to a ravine, in which we were drawn up by brigades, about a quarter of a mile in the rear of the centre of the Federal line of battle. Here we stacked arms and sat down in our places.

Here again the brave, indomitable temper of our boys found expression in a variety of ways. Some of the surgeons found it almost impossible to prevent the men in the ambulances getting out and taking their places in the ranks. Some who were in even worse condition than the soldier already mentioned insisted, in spite of the protestations of surgeons, officers, and comrades, that they would run no more risk in the field than in the hospital-train; and I saw three men whom the surgeon was obliged to place in an ambulance by force, and then put over them a guard with loaded muskets, so determined were they to go with their comrades into the fight.

Our rest in the ravine was by no means undisturbed. The enemy having observed our advance over the hill shot and shell very soon began to fly about us thick and fast, battering far and near like swiftly-driven hail. Right in the midst of the storm this exhibition of soldierly coolness met my observation. Some twenty-five feet from the right of our regimental line of muskets ran a little creek bordered on either side by large trees. A fallen tree served as a bridge or crossing. One of the drivers of the Ambulance Corps was stooping on this log washing his hands. A spent-shell came ripping through the trees behind him and buried itself just deep enough in the log to make it stick. He turned about and with the heel of his boot kicked the shell into the water, saying, "Now, old screech-owl, bust if you want to." And burst it did; but a second or two after blowing one end of the log into splinters and completely deluging the driver, upon which, dropping himself astride the remainder of the bridge, he surveyed himself coolly and exclaimed, "Well, *I* came here to wash my hands; but hang *me* if I expected a shower-bath in such an out-of-the-way place as this!"

The firing at the front continued, and the rebel compliments in the form of shells still dropped occasionally around us. At half past six the bugle sounded again "Fall in." Instantly every man grasped his weapon and took his position. The Second Division—but one division, the Third, had as yet been in the fight—moved off first. Our appearance on the hill was the signal for a terrific fire from the rebels; some of their heaviest guns were opened upon us; shell after shell came "singing its devilish song through the air;" but the column kept straight on, facing the storm with unshrinking front. Presently we came to what is called a "Virginia fence," and so known all over the North. Over this we had to climb. A sergeant in my company while getting over fell through. Picking himself up he turned to a comrade and said, "Do you know why I am like the President?" The comrade apparently had no disposition for joking; but the soldier forced the answer as he took his position: "I'll tell you," said he; "it's because I'm a rail-splitter." We laughed, and just then, not two yards behind me, a solid shot plowed its way through our ranks and the joking sergeant with three of his companions were killed almost instantly. The sergeant, with his joke lying nettlesome on his lips, was literally torn in two!

After this we entered a thick wood, upon the other side of which we could see our line of battle. The firing had abated considerably, the cannonading almost entirely. We were halted, and the order "Rest" was given. A division—the Second of the Fifth Corps, I think—which had been all day in the field, but had been relieved by the Third Division of our corps, were going to the rear, taking many of their wounded with them. One man, who was supported by two comrades, had had his lower jaw taken off, and as he moved along held up in his hand the bloody bone, misshapen and splintered, with fine teeth still remaining in it. Another, lying upon a stretcher, had lost both feet by a solid shot. The bleeding stumps had not yet been dressed, and the stretcher was covered with the blood of the dying hero. Yet, for all this, amidst the roar of musketry, and with the pain his wounds must have caused, he was singing in a clear voice, with enough of the Irish accent to make the strain musical:

"The Star-Spangled Banner, oh long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

While I was yet looking after the footless soldier, a little drummer-boy attracted my attention by saying, in a childish voice, as he held up his left arm from which the hand had been severed, while he held his drum with the other:

"Will *you* do as much as that for the Union?"

"Yes, my little fellow, if I must."

"Well, I'd do more," and he held up his right hand; "but then I would have no hands at all to work for mother, and father was killed at Antietam."

I should suppose, from the little fellow's appearance, he was not over twelve or thirteen years of age; he was a young hero, but a thorough one—a child worthy of the Republic, worthy of its inspirations, worthy of the Future in which, maybe, he shall sit crowned with honors.

Hardly had my notice been withdrawn from the drummer-boy when Corporal S—— turned toward me, and exclaimed, "Look there!" I looked in the direction indicated, and beheld a sight at once so horrible and sublime that it will ever form a living picture in my memory. A strong, stalwart fellow, with the *cheverons* of a sergeant on his arm, ragged and torn, was limping slowly toward us. The shoe on his right foot was covered with blood, and a large rent in his pantaloons, just above the knee, from which the blood was also trickling, solved the question of the location of his wound. He was hatless, his hair was disordered, his face and hands were begrimed with smoke and powder, and he looked altogether maniac-like and exhausted. *But he had his colors with him!* His regiment, or the greater part of it, had been either killed or captured; he had lost his colors once, and was afterward captured himself. He watched his opportunity, killed the rebel who held his flag, and escaped with it safely into our lines. Ought not the name of one so brave as he to be chiseled in monumental marble, that the ages as they go may read it and admire?

Night came at last—the next day passed—and the evening of the fourth settled down upon us, bringing to some of us a most disagreeable duty. Shortly after dark, as I was about to lie down in my blanket for a nap, I was directed to take charge of a squad of men and report to a superior officer for orders. Obeying, I was soon after ordered to proceed to the wood immediately in our front and there commence to bury the dead—to bury indiscriminately both the enemy's and our own; to do all in my power to obtain information likely to lead to the identification of the bodies, and to remain out until midnight. We procured a lantern, armed the men with shovels and picks, and started out.

Gaining the edge of the wood after wading some distance through a deep marsh, I lighted my lantern, and its first ray fell upon the bloated face of a rebel lieutenant. Either he had died systematically or some friend had placed him in the position in which we found him, for he was lying flat on his back with his arms folded closely across his breast, and his lips tightly compressed. But, nicely as he lay, he must be buried. At the edge of the wood we found a soft strip of land—elsewhere it was a rocky soil—and here we determined the rebel should have his last resting-place. The men found a piece of candle in the dead man's haversack, lighted it, and went to work upon the grave. Meanwhile I passed into the woods to discover other bodies. I found three of our men, but, as far as I went, could see no more of the enemy's dead. I came back; the men had finished the grave. We procured two rails, placed one under the shoulders and the other under the legs, just below the knees, and thus the body of the rebel was laid away in the ground to await the day of reckoning, in whose glare all of us must stand.

I told the men to dig a grave a little farther on for three. They went at it, while I proceeded to examine the bodies I had discovered. The first was that of a corporal belonging to the First Division of the Fifth Corps. His right hand was placed close to his mouth, and tightly clenched; a torn cartridge lay at his side, the end which he had bitten off so tightly held in his teeth that it was impossible to withdraw it. His pocket had been cut out, his shoes and stockings stripped off, and nothing whatever was to be found on his person by which to identify him except the corps mark on his cap.

About two feet from him lay a private, hatless, and stripped of shoes and stockings also. His pockets had not been removed. I examined them, and found in his pantaloons a golden locket, with the picture of a fair young woman therein, and in his breast coat-pocket a daguerreotype of the same person, with a card on which was a lady's address. I have since ascertained it was that of his wife.

The third body was that of a first lieutenant of artillery; and how he came there in the woods was a mystery we could not solve. No battery was placed within five hundred yards of that position, either right or left. But be that as it may, there the body was, stripped of every thing in the shape of *insignia* except one shoulder-strap, which hung by one end only. His little finger had evidently been cut off, as the print of a large seal-ring could yet be seen upon it; and it is certain the wound was not caused either by a Minié ball or a fragment of shell.

At length the grave was ready, the three were buried, and again we passed on. As best we could we were making our way in the dim light of the lantern, when suddenly I tripped, and extending my arms in self-protection, my left hand came in contact with the cold forehead of a corpse. My feet rested on another body, and my lantern was out. I felt for a match. I had none. But presently some of the men came up; the lantern was relighted, and the glare revealed a sight which I pray God my eyes may never look upon again. The body upon which my hand had fallen was that of a corporal; both legs were blown completely off. That over which I had stumbled was the body of a private with one arm severed, not entirely off, at the shoulder. Two trees of perhaps four inches diameter had been splintered, one about eight feet the other five feet from the ground, and had fallen right where the bodies lay. Within a circle of twenty feet from these trees I counted seventeen bodies, all, alas! with blue jackets on. I had hoped among so many to find some of the gray-backed ones.

How we buried these seventeen bodies you would not care to know. The lantern gone out, the candle which the men had procured lasted but a little time; but the moon had risen and the pale rays it cast through the trees aided us in our task, though they added much to the ghostliness of the terrible scene over which they fell.

We found one body, that of a young, light-haired boy, not over nineteen at the furthest, whose forehead was pierced by a ball; in his left hand he firmly grasped his rammer; his right hand or its forefinger was in the watch-pocket of his pantaloons. We examined this pocket and found in it a small silver shield with his name, company, and regiment engraved upon it. We took possession of this memento, and fortunately finding a fragment of a cracker-box, marked upon it in pencil, by moonlight, the inscription found on the shield. We buried him with two of his comrades, one of whom belonged to the Fifth Corps, and placed the rude board at the head of his grave in the hope that it would some day enable some pilgrim-friend to find the body. Since that day the shield has been sent to the soldier's father; its inscription was, "S. L. Caldwell, Company D, 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers."

It was half an hour after midnight when we came into camp, and half an hour after that, lying with our faces to the stars, dreams enfolded us, and we were as though no battle horrors had ever pained and no battle dangers had ever menaced us.

THE FALSE LOVE.

In sight of the starry sky,
  In sound of the rushing sea,
With a beating heart and a tender smile,
  Did my own true love kiss me.

Under the solemn sky,
  Close to the throbbing sea,
With words of love, and vows of faith,
  Did my own true love kiss me.

I gaze on the same bright sky,
  I hear the same rippling sea,
But never again on earth, or in heaven,
  Will my own true love kiss me.

True are the holy stars,
  True is the restless sea,
True are the thoughts of my heart to him,
  But my love is false to me!

Hear it, O changeful sky!
  Hear it, O moving sea!
Ye are true to your own eternal laws,
  But my love is false to me.

Why should the moonlit sky,
  Why should the moaning sea,
Recall the empty dream of the past,
  When my love is false to me?

Pierce to his soul, O stars!
  Thrill to his heart, O sea!
It may be, smit with a sudden pang,
  My love will come back to me!

BRAIN SPECTRES.

The brain makes ghosts both sleeping and waking. A man was lying in troubled sleep when a phantom, with the cold hand of a corpse, seized his right arm. Awaking in horror, he found upon his arm still the impression of the cold hand of the corpse, and it was only after reflecting that he found the terrible apparition to be due to the deadening of his own left hand in a frosty night, which had subsequently grasped his right arm. This was a real ghost of the brain, which the awakening of the senses and the understanding explained. M. Gratiolet narrates a dream of his own which is singularly illustrative of how the brain makes ghosts in sleep. Many years ago, when occupied in studying the organization of the brain, he prepared a great number both of human and animal brains. He carefully stripped off the membranes, and placed the brains in alcohol. Such were his daily occupations, when one night he thought that he had taken out his own brain from his own skull. He stripped it of its membranes. He put it into alcohol, and then he fancied he took his brain out of the alcohol and replaced it in his skull. But, contracted by the action of the spirit, it was much reduced in size, and did not at all fill up the skull. He felt it shuffling about in his head. This feeling threw him into such a great perplexity that he awoke with a start, as if from nightmare.

M. Gratiolet, every time he prepared the brain of a man, must have felt that his own brain resembled it. This impression awakening in a brain imperfectly asleep, while neither the senses nor the judgment were active, the physiologist carried on an operation in his sleep which probably had often occurred to his fancy when at his work, and which had then been summarily dismissed very frequently. A pursuit which had at last become one of routine, and the association of himself with his study, explain the bizarre and ghastly dream of M. Gratiolet. A sensation from the gripe of a cold hand, misinterpreted by the imagination acting without the aid of the discerning faculties, accounts for the ghastly vision of the other sleeper.

Every one is conscious of a perpetual series of pictures, sometimes stationary, sometimes fleeting, generally shifting; yet occasionally fixed in his mind. Sleep is the period in which the nerves derive their nourishment from the blood. The picturing nerves, like those of the senses, are generally inactive in their functions at feeding times; and thoroughly healthy nervous systems dream very little or not at all. Dreams betoken troubled brains. The brain of a woman who had lost a portion of her cranium used to swell up and protrude when she was dreaming, and then contract and become tranquil again when she was sleeping soundly.

The wakeful senses, the active judgment, and the will even of the strongest and soundest minds, are not always able to control the false and perverse impressions of the nerves. I knew once a commander in the navy whose left eye was shot clean out by a bullet in a naval action in the beginning of this century, and whom, forty years afterward, it was impossible to convince that he did not see all sorts of strange objects with his lost eye. "It is *not* impossible," he would quietly say; "I know it too well." Every body has known men who suffered rheumatism in legs long lost and replaced by wooden ones.

A nervous, dreamy, imaginative lad was walking one day with some comrades among rank grass. The place was noted for adders, and the youths talked about them. Instantly this lad felt something enter the leg of his pantaloons and twist itself with the swiftness of lightning round his thigh. He stopped terrified, and a careful examination proved that the adder was a creature of his imagination. The vividness of the fancy of this youth made his waking senses and his discerning faculties of no more use to him for the moment than if they had been asleep.

This condition of the brain is called by the savans hallucination. Mueller, the physiologist, and Goethe, the poet, have both described hallucinations to which they were subject, and which they compared in conversation together. The rarest case, says Mueller, is that of an individual who, while perfectly healthy in body and mind, has the faculty, on closing his eyes, of seeing really the objects he wishes to see. History cites only a very few instances of this phenomenon. Carden and Goethe were examples of it.

Goethe says: "When I close my eyes and stoop my head, I figure to myself and see a flower in the middle of my visual organ. This flower preserves only for an instant its first form. It soon decomposes itself, and out of it issues other flowers, with colored and sometimes green petals. They were not natural but fantastic flowers, yet regular as the roses of the sculptor. I could not look fixedly at that creation, but it remained as long as I liked without increasing or diminishing. In the same way when I imagined a disk full of various colors, I saw continually issue from the centre to the circumference new forms like those of the kaleidoscope."

Mueller talked this subject over with Goethe in 1828. It was interesting to them both. "Knowing," says Mueller, "that when I was calmly lying on my bed with my eyes shut, although not asleep, I often saw figures which I could observe very well, he was very curious to learn what I then felt. I told him that my will had no influence either upon the production or upon the changes of these figures, and that I had never seen any thing symmetrical or of the character of vegetation." Goethe could at will, on the contrary, choose his theme, which transformed itself forthwith in a manner apparently involuntary, but always obeying the laws of symmetry and harmony. Mueller used to get rid of the figures which haunted him by turning his face to the wall. Although he did not see them change place, they were still before him, but they soon began to fade. Jean Paul recommended the observation of these phantoms as a good plan for falling asleep.

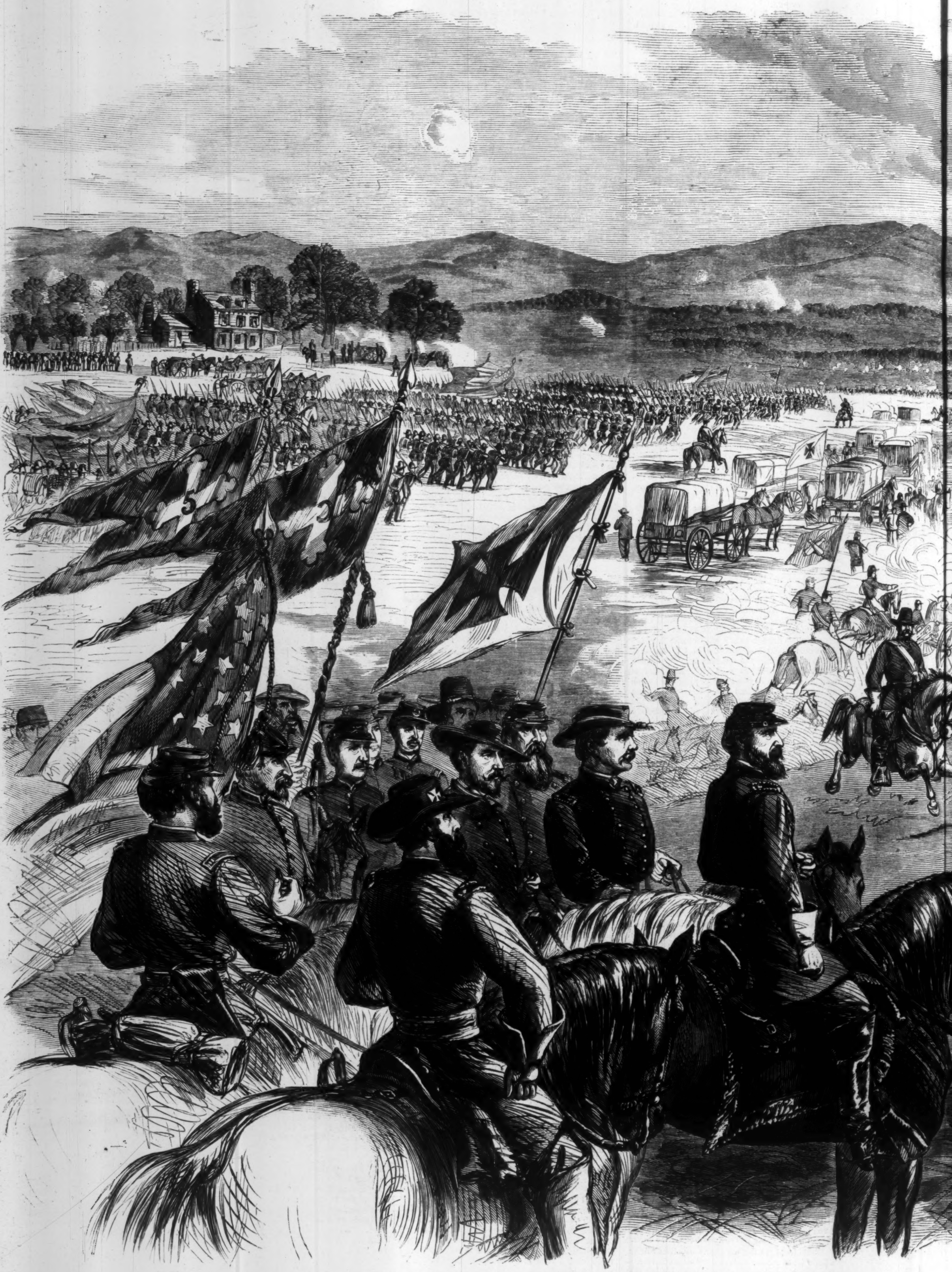
These are hallucinations of sane minds. The delusive sensations of flying and falling are known to many persons. Young girls lying in bed between sleeping and waking, at the epoch of life when their girlhood is passing into womanhood, are especially apt, like the religious ecstatics, to fancy they are flying. And nearly every body is familiar with the hallucinations of falling from personal experience. When lying in bed trying in vain to fall asleep, or to warm the cold sheets, the patient feels as if sinking through the floor, and stretches out his arms suddenly to save himself: yet nothing has happened except the coincidence of a cold shiver with a complete expiration.

Physiologists and philosophers of authority say we are all mad in our dreams; and, if the absence of the control of reason is a true definition of insanity, there is no gainsaying the proposition. But madness means something more. In dreams the faculties which control the picturing or imagining powers are simply inactive; they are neither absent nor incapable. Far from identifying sleeping dreams with madness, I feel disposed to contend that voluntary and momentary hallucinations—seeing by the blind, hearing by the deaf, sensations of smelling, touching, tasting things which do not exist—are only signs of insanity when the faculties needful for correcting the errors of sensation are diseased. Persons unaccustomed to railway traveling are not insane, although for many minutes they often believe the train is going backward, because they retain the power of correcting the hallucination by watching the objects they are passing.

The senses are seeing, hearing, smelling, touching, and tasting instruments. There are between these and the seat of intelligence nerves performing the functions of carriers. Even after the instruments have ceased to exist the carriers often continue to carry messages—false messages. When a man has lost an eye, during the inflammatory period of recovery the carriers convey horrible images of fiery figures. It is the carriers who convey the pain of rheumatism from the lost limb.

A man who was recovering from typhus fever believed he had two bodies, one of which was tossing in pain on an uneasy bed, and the other lying sweetly on a delicious couch. I am not disposed to ascribe this hallucination to the duality of the brain, but to a conflict between the recollection of his sufferings and the experience of his recovery. If the patient should have been permanently unable to overpower memory by reality he would have been insane, like the maniacs who believe their legs to be stalks of straw, or their bodies fragile as glass.

Pictures have produced hallucinations. Leaving aside the eyes of Madonnas, cases in which the power of religious ideas come into play, I may mention another instance of their effects on a mind keenly sensitive to the beauties of the fine arts. A French physiologist, while studying intensely an English engraving of Landseer's Horse-shoeing, smelt horn burning, and fixed the idea in his mind for the moment that the smell came from the foot of the horse in the engraving.



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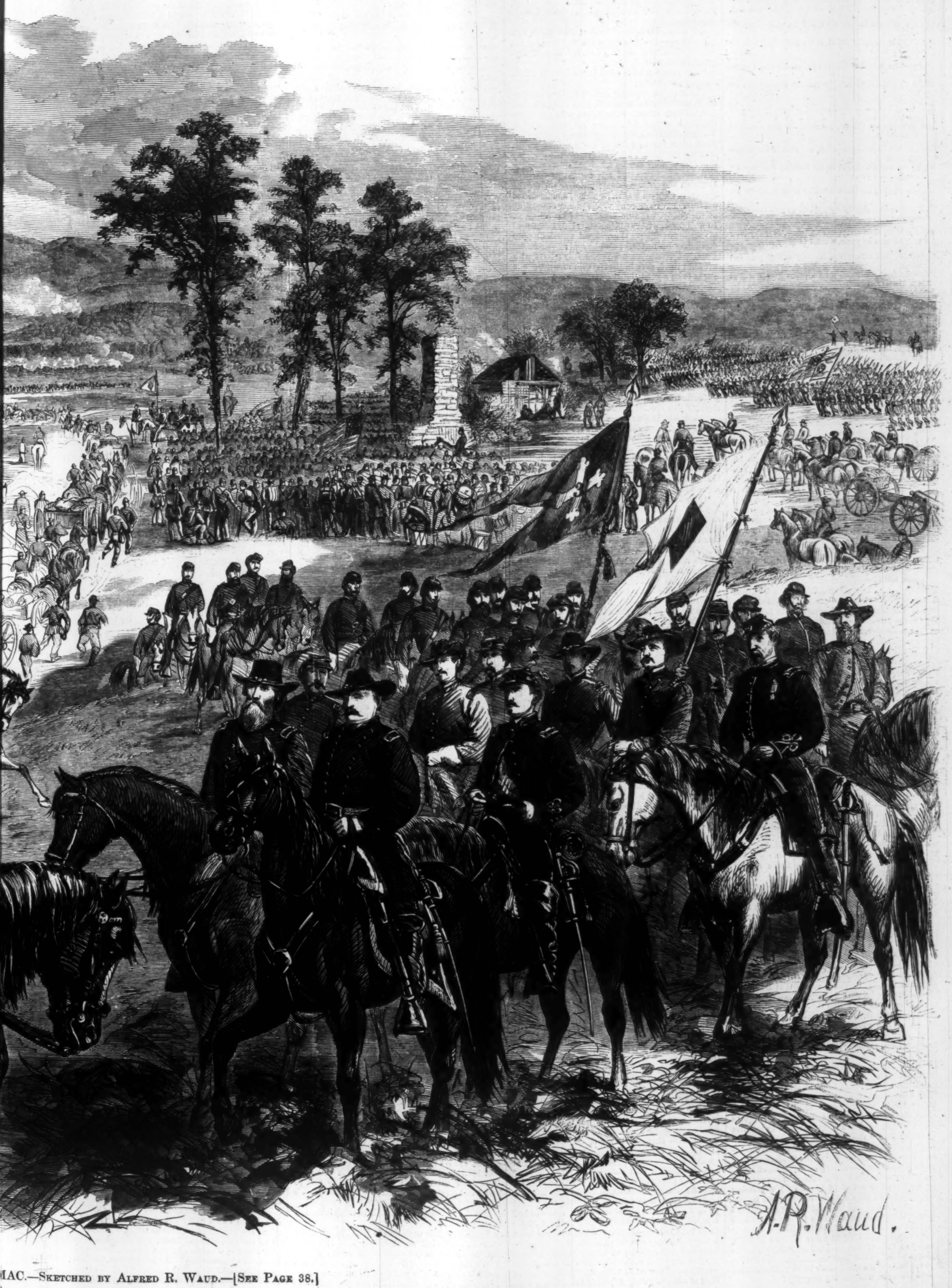


MAC.—Sketched by Alfred R. Waud.—[See Page 38.]

SEND THEM HOME.

SEND them home to his mother—mournful relics and few;
All that he left behind him, our soldier tried and true.

The cap with the Maltese cross, and badge of honor, the mark
Made by the cowardly bullet at the picket aimed in the dark:

The uniform torn, and mended by hands unused to the toil,
Faded by sun and by rain, browned by the dust and the soil.

Send them home to his mother—the pictures we found on his breast,
Her own, and his father's, and hers, the girl whom he loved the best.

Send it—the Bible he cherished, and read by the flickering light
Of the candle that burned in the tent, till the "tattoo" sounded at night.

Mother, weeping afar, and breaking thine heart for the boy
That God and his country have taken, we give thee greeting and joy!

Never a blush shall creep, like a shadow, over thy brow
For him—a hero on earth, a saint in glory now.

Blessed art thou among women!—thy tribute pure and sweet,
Thine ointment costly and precious, thou hast poured at the Master's feet.

So softly, tenderly fold them, and send the relics away:
Mother, a mother was with him, and kissed thy boy today.

The colors he loved are lying on the heart so lately brave:
With dirge, and prayer, and weeping, we'll carry him to his grave.

Then go, little mournful packet, and by that desolate hearth
Tell that march and battle are over, and the soldier's "off duty" on earth.

CAMP TYLER HOSPITAL, BALTIMORE.

MISS NILSON'S GAITER-BOOTS.

ADJUTANT AMES sat at Captain G——'s table, in the little library the Captain had turned into an office and reception-room since he had been appointed Provost down there. He sat bending over a memorandum-book, and writing rapidly to the Captain's dictation. Grier and Donovan were at the window smoking, idly observant of Ames and his work. All four had been old acquaintances long ago, in the old times of peace, when the opera, the club, or a boat-race, had been chief topics of interest. Very old times these seemed to the four young men in their well-worn and a little shabby uniforms, with here and there a button wanting, a faded stripe, a rusty bit of gold-braid, a whitened seam, etc. These four, who had once stood faultless in varnished boots and miraculous ties, waiting for the first step of a Redowa to come stealing out from the drum sounds, and the "flute violin bassoon." Since then their ears had been attuned to different meanings when they stood waiting for the sounds of the drum; and their companions were no longer white-robed fairies, whose light weight rested on their arms like soft-plumy doves as they glided down the gay rooms; but men, worn and swart, and sometimes savagely in earnest, stood instead, and for all weight there was a gleaming sabre, or at intervals the dead burden of a falling comrade. Donovan, the quondam dandy of the party—the "curled darling," whose warm Irish blood thrilled at any touch of festivity—was perhaps remembering all these past scenes that offered their broad contrasts to the present; for as he smoked, a spark falling from his short pipe and burning a clean hole in his trowsers called forth this ejaculation, with a grim smile:

"That'll do, eh, for a bullet-hole, to take back for glory to Kate Morris's soldiers' party, Jack?"

Jack Grier laughed, answering lazily, yet not without a kindly interest in gay little dandy Tom Donovan, now turned into fighting Tom:

"Go in your waistcoat, Tom; that's riddled enough with the veritable lead."

"Waistcoat!—there, that reminds me—good for you, Jack! I say, Ames, I want a new waistcoat. Will you put me down on your list? Like this, you know. Siever has my measure. I'm not sure though, by Jove! I know the inches, however. Here—don't take your glove off—hand the memorandum to me; I'll put it down."

Ames, who had finished his work, had risen, drawing on his gauntlets. He tossed the book to Donovan at this, and sat down, waiting. Talking with the Captain, he didn't notice that Donovan, instead of immediately adding his commission to the list, was idly twiddling the pencil between his thumb and finger, while he ran his eye down the column. "Spurs for Loring, eh? ditto for Brown; cap, coat, and trowsers; shaving-soap, tooth-brushes, nail-brushes, blank books, and blankets; *Harper's Weekly* and *Magazine*—that's jolly! watch for Latham, chain; um, um, um—how much more?" in a low, running under-tone, which suddenly broke into a louder key, that brought all the rest to a clear knowledge of what he was saying—"Eh! what? 'Miss Nilson's gaiter-boots!'"

Adjutant Ames commanded himself enough to keep his seat. He was sorely tempted at the first to dash forward and seize the memorandum, and administer some sharp reproof at once to the offender. The next moment proved his wisdom. There was a general laugh—kind, good-natured, and gentlemanly; and then Fletcher Ames was very glad he hadn't made a fool of himself by overrating what was, after all, only a careless natural action. How many times had they pored over each other's memorandums when a week's furlough had sent one and another to the city laden with commissions for the others! He had never thought of being annoyed before; but then before "Miss Nilson's gaiter-boots" hadn't been on the list. He flushed to the roots of his blonde hair as he pondered this. And Donovan was running on gayly:

"What a lucky fellow you are, Ames! I might go to the city twenty times, with a list of orders as long as your arm, all sorts of bearish thing to buy, but never such a duck of an order as 'Miss Nilson's gaiter-boots!'"

"Who *is* Miss Nilson?" asked Jack Grier, lifting his large shoulders out of the depths of the old leather chair, and bending forward with slowly-gathering interest.

"The prettiest little rebel in the town or all the country about here!"

The flush on Adjutant Ames's light skin deepened, and he broke in hastily upon this assertion:

"No such thing. Miss Nilson may not be enthusiastic in the Federal cause, but she is no rebel. You must make allowance for her associations when you expect her to think of the South as we do. Besides, she doesn't know any thing, nor care any thing for politics any way."

Nobody had expected this earnest protest, and Donovan and Grier shouted; but over the face of the grave Captain a keen look shot, and he darted out from heavy eyebrows a close glance of scrutiny at the annoyed and flushing face of his Adjutant. In a moment, without being observed, he finished his scrutiny; the usual grave, calm mask dropped down over his features; and he said:

"Oh, I remember the young lady; lives with her aunt there, over in the Reynold mansion. She ought to be a good Union girl; the aunt is stanch as steel. What hinders Miss Nilson?"

"What hinders? oh, early association," laughed Donovan. "I know the whole story. The aunt is Northern, bone and sinew; came here only half a dozen years ago—a second wife to old Guy Reynold; first love or some sort of romance. Before the war broke out the Hon. Guy dies, leaving Mrs. Reynold with the guardianship of his niece, and so tied into this slave property that she must stay here, will she nil she. So there's the whole thing in a nut-shell. There's the reason why the aunt is a stanch Unionist, and there are the 'early associations' you see of Miss Nilson to hinder."

This time Fletcher Ames kept silence; but the blonde cheek changed its colors too frequently to conceal the deep interest he felt in the matter, and the uneasy gnawing of his lip gave signal of annoyance. In a moment after when he had gone, Captain G—— renewed the subject with Donovan, asking some leading questions. How long had Ames known Miss Nilson?

"Oh, don't you remember that night when Mrs. Reynold was 'at home,' for the first time, last February, I think; and we four went down to pay our compliments and drink Johannisberger? I don't believe Ames has missed one of those 'evenings' since, if we have. I saw he was getting spooney on the niece at once. A pretty little creature to be sure; not a bit your idea of a Southern girl. A little thing as "soft as silk." I never could get on with her. She has a way of looking at a man in a serene sort of silence, giving him one or two smiles for lumps of sugar with a lazy kind of air, as if she'd as lief you held your tongue as not."

Grier roused with a laugh here.

"No," he cried out; "Donovan wouldn't like that, his tongue is his strong point."

So the subject passed off with a laugh for the time. When these four renewed it again, no one of them felt like laughing.

"What interested the Captain so much in Ames's flirtation, eh, Jack? Did you notice?"

Yes, Grier had noticed, and did think it rather queer; but in half an hour they had forgotten all these speculations awakened by "Miss Nilson's gaiter-boots," while he who had most to do with them was on his way to Washington.

And *he* did not forget that one small item on his long list so quickly. Remembering it, he remembered a large pleasant parlor, where the deep embrasured windows looked out upon the dark flowing river and the distant hills. A room whose twilight glooms, where the musky odors of old woods, of cedar and sandal, had helped to fix the spell in memory, as indelibly as it had been stamped upon his young impassioned heart. Sitting there in the car he remembered Adéle Nilson as he saw her on that first "evening," when he had stood with his brother officers in her presence. "A little thing as soft as silk," sphered round, as it were, by that cool, serene silence which had baffled and held aloof the gay *insouciant* Donovan, who dwelt in exteriors. But Fletcher Ames remembered what a thrill had surprised him as he had met those dark lovely eyes—eyes which held his own for a moment longer than the others, as if their owner had discovered a different nature in him; and then the few cool tones—Donovan would have called them words of ice, but they dropped like fine pearls before Adjutant Ames.

We have all of us, perhaps, at some time felt this sudden nearness, this being specialized by a stranger, that to others seemed cold and indifferent; and we all know how fascinating it is, and how it actually does bring us nearer and establish a certain relation which no amount of expressed cordiality could do.

Ames felt all this, and more, as the "stranger" was a woman youthful and fair. It would be difficult to tell why Adéle Nilson thus specialized Fletcher Ames. Difficult, because what might appear so natural a thing for a girl whose eye was pleased, and whose sensibility was touched by the manly and spirited address of the young officer, united with that gentle air of deference, was a strange and exceptional thing for Adéle Nilson; because she was not impulsive nor enthusiastic, and because beneath that exterior as "soft as silk" there was power and purpose of no mean quality, and an ambition that stopped at no slight barriers, and that stooped to nothing less than the loftiest places. It had been said of her too, that she had rejected some of the finest names in the State for these lofty reasons of hers, and had kept her heart under the strong control of her head all through. This was Adéle Nilson at twenty-three. Does it seem strange that with this character one should question and marvel at her special favor, either of look or tone, to young Adjutant Ames in the presence of as handsome men and superior officers? Perhaps, unconscious to herself, nature asserted itself for that time, and

"She looked at him as one who awakes."

Perhaps later she pleased herself with the youth, letting her heart out more fully and simply, because unaware of herself, because she thought both too little and too much of this young man to suppose there was any danger. Whatever the reasons, from that first "evening," when her aunt, as a relief to the Northern loyalty that had been pent up so long, sent out to the officers of the Federal army, who now held the town, cards for her reception, these two, Adéle Nilson and Fletcher Ames had progressed more rapidly in their acquaintance than any of the others, though Donovan had essayed all his grace of pleasing, which was more than most men's, and even the General had paid deferential attention to his hostess's charming niece, who, according to Captain G——, ought to be a good Union girl, but who, by Donovan's assertion, was "the prettiest little rebel in the country round." The young fellow had slender proof in his own experience of this assertion; and it was perhaps unjust for him to assert upon the garbled accounts of rumor. I do not think he had ever personally heard much more than a few things like this.

Standing one evening in the vicinity of his General, who was in conversation with Miss Nilson, the following bit of talk reached him.

"You were in Newport three summers ago?"

"Yes, and almost every summer previous. I never missed any pleasure so much. I loved Newport locally. Ah me!" with a little sigh, "I don't know when I shall stand on those beaches again."

"Why not? Why not go this summer: as a Unionist you are safer there than here;" and the courteous General smiled down into the pensively interesting face.

"Am I?"

Just the two syllables; but Donovan facing a mirror caught a certain look which the General lost. Long after, when subsequent events made every thing connected with that time a matter of deep interest, Major Donovan used to tell of "that look," which he called a "concealed sneer," "hard and triumphant." Then once, later than this, just a few of them stood by the winter fire on a windy, rainy night, drinking the rare Johannisberger, which Mrs. Reynold, in her zeal for the cause and them, brought forth from its sacred cobwebs for their use. As before, they stood facing the mirror, and the General held the younger lady of the house in talk.

"This is fine old wine," he said, as he lifted his glass to the light;—"but you have none, let me—" he took a step forward, but a motion stayed him, and the words,

"No; pardon me, I only drank this with my uncle."

"Ah yes, I can understand. I should be glad to drink this wine with the owner who had stored it so long ago; there is a peculiar pleasure in that, even to one who has no nearer tie of association."

"If the owner had been here you had never stood there drinking this Johannisberger, General."

Looking with a pleased sense of enjoyment into the rosy depths of his glass, conscious only of comfort in the warmly-lighted rooms, the sparkling fire, the General did not catch any bitterness in that low-spoken sentence, did not observe any change in the serene girl-face. But looking into the mirror, Donovan averred that the beautiful eyes shot baleful fires, and that the voice was smothered with hatred; but as he said, the General merely took it for a simple fact, and, laughing good-humoredly, answered,

"No, no; I suppose not: your uncle would have stranded on the State rights, you think?"

"A moment after she became aware that I was observing her," continued this suspicious young historian, "and she spread her little hands with the most innocent deprecation in the world, and declared she had no interest in politics; what did State rights mean? etc."

From this Donovan came to the conclusion that Miss Nilson was the prettiest little rebel in the country round. Perhaps if she had smiled upon him at first—if she had looked into his eyes with those alluring eyes of her own—if she had spoken to him with that special significance which appealed to Adjutant Ames—he would not have been so sharp-sighted. He might then have followed intoxicate, down the soft glooms of the garden on those early days of spring, feeling only the charm of her magic presence, and ready to "do or die for, sigh or swear for;" more than all, the latter; for who under these circumstances could ever doubt or disbelieve in Adéle Nilson, could ever believe her on any other side than that of the broadest humanity? He might from some subtle magnetism have taken so much for granted, that like young Ames he would have forgotten that never on any occasion had he ever heard Miss Nilson "commit herself" on the side of humanity, or indeed upon any other side; that she walked with him and talked with him, apparently with the simplest freedom, yet guarded or utterly silent on the grand subject of the day. But Major Donovan from the first had never been smiled upon, never been spoken to with special significance, therefore he was not spelled into unasking sympathy and belief like young Ames; and perhaps, too, readier to suspect from the little shadow of pique which might have settled even upon good-natured Tom Donovan. But his thought went no further than this fact: That Miss Nilson, that "little thing as soft as silk," was a rebel sympathizer. Captain G——'s went further.

"What interested the Captain so much in Ames's flirtation, eh?"

Something that went deeper than Ames's flirtation as a simple matter of heart-interest. He knew Fletcher Ames better than either of the others. Knew him to be one of those single-minded, ardent-natured persons, who will go straight on to death, or into misery, without so much as a question, when his heart is roused. One of those earnest believers whose faith sometimes makes them blind. So when he sat there listening to the badinage about Miss Nilson, he suddenly caught a look on Ames's face that set him thinking. He knew that look, and all it meant. He remembered a time not so very long ago, when Ames was in college, and had got his head set the wrong way with the full belief that it was the right way; and when his friends opposed him he put his face resolutely against them, with just that pained determination for expression. It was an awful scrape at last, Captain G——, who was then one of the seniors, remembered, and throughout it that look had haunted him.

With this previous knowledge of him, of his warmth, his enthusiasm, his rashness, and that blind devotedness of character, he felt at once what depth of feeling the flushing cheek, the silence, the clenched under-lip, meant at the discovery and light talk of Donovan and Grier on that day. He saw too, by the few words of attempted exculpation which he flung out for Miss Nilson, how really ignorant and in the dark he was with regard to her actual sentiments. With his peculiar qualities, argued the grave Captain, that "little thing as soft as silk" may do infinite mischief. Not that he believed that Miss Nilson would be able to poison her admirer's mind with traitorous principles. "God forbid!" ejaculated the Captain as he brooded over the matter in his room; "but when once Ames gets to going it blind, there's no knowing what to expect; and so he'll believe in her any way, and she'll like enough make an unconscious tool of him, and pump him for something she wants to know." And every day he would find himself musing in this strain, and haunted by that small commission Donovan had read out: "Miss Nilson's gaiter-boots." "What sends that into my mind so persistently?" he thought. "Last night I dreamed of them; seven-leagued boots they were transformed into then, and pounding away, with all sorts of captured plans of ours, into the rebel camp. And this morning the first thing I thought of when I awoke was, 'Miss Nilson's gaiter-boots.' Confound it, what have I to do with her boots? She's not *my* fair enslaver. What ails me? Zounds!" The grave Captain got up and walked down the room with the excitement of his new thought, which at that moment flashed into his mind. The new thought gave him some trouble: he couldn't get reconciled to it. Being a staid, sensible fellow, with no fanciful imaginings, this new idea looked suspicious to him. He looked at it from all quarters. He accused himself of nervousness, then laughed as he glanced at his physique; the healthy flesh and muscle. He smoked upon it; he slept upon it; and finally accepted it as something out of his power to reject.

"There's something on your Captain's mind more than ordinary," said Donovan to Lieutenant Grier. "It's something about Ames, I'm thinking. Heard any thing?"

No, Grier never heard any thing. Grier looked straight ahead, and smoked his pipe in peace like a steady healthy worker as he was.

This was the day before Adjutant Ames was expected back. The next afternoon Captain G—— went over to camp.

"I want to see Ames when he returns," he had said to Lieutenant Grier as he was mounting his horse. "If I'm not here when he comes just send an orderly for me. Directly he returns, you remember."

Donovan had come over from his quarters, and stood by, on the piazza. He gave a whistle when the Captain rode off, and said to Grier:

"I told you so." Turning into the house, he followed the Lieutenant into the Provost's little office, minded for a dish of chat; if he had been of the other sex, it would have come under the name of gossip.

But Grier had other employment—writing for the Provost which must be done; so there was no chat for Donovan there; and away he sauntered smoking his short pipe, and laughing good-humoredly at "the greatest plods he ever saw."

Grier sat there writing until the sun went down, throwing his head up occasionally when an iron heel rung on the piazza without, or a shadow darkened the window; but twilight fell, and no Adjutant Ames had appeared, though a boat had sounded whistle down the river, and the scream of a locomotive had proclaimed the last means of arrival.

It was growing dark, and he was sending a servant for lights when a head at the window and a voice stopped his meditations, and sent them flying into another channel.

"Jack, I say, Ames has come."

"Where is he?" And up jumps Grier all alert.

"Gone down to Neale's quarters. He met the Colonel and reported to him, and the Major wanted him to take tea with him. Here, where you going? Wait and hear the postscript. Coming up street who should we meet but Miss Nilson and her aunt. Ames dropped behind with the brightest face you ever saw, and I heard him say, 'I shall have the pleasure of bringing your boots round this evening, Miss Nilson.' The girl actually trembled, and turned red and pale as he spoke. I didn't think she had so much in her. By George, Jack, I believe it's a go there!" And Donovan, fairly started, was lounging in for his "gossip" when the Lieutenant vaulted over the sill and dashed past him, calling out to an orderly passing: "Smith, Smith, take my horse and run him down to camp, and give Captain G—— this!" handing Smith a slip of paper containing the intelligence of Ames's arrival. Finding Smith just detailed for duty by the Colonel, and no other messenger in view, he mounted and rode off himself.

Incurious as Lieutenant Grier was, an emotion of surprise and wonder did come over him as he noted the eagerness which the Captain manifested in his desire to get back; and though a man of few words, Grier found himself repeating to him Donovan's "postscript." As he finished, his listener ejaculated, under his breath, "I shall be too late!" and the next moment was urging his horse to his topmost speed. The Lieutenant followed at a more leisurely pace, his wonder not lessened by that low-breathed sentence.

"Too late for what? One would think it was a case of high treason," he mused.

And while they ride, in that old dark parlor, half lost in twilight glooms, Adéle Nilson waits for her young lover. Her young lover! Does she know herself at last? Does the head—that proud subtle head—acknowledge so much to the heart? Her young lover?

There is certainly impatience in that waiting figure: the bent head, the eager eyes straining into the gathering dark, the unwonted flush upon her cheek, the burning scarlet of her lips—these all denote the fever of delay. Will she dare to meet him with these signs? Will she confess so much to him? A step turning upon the stone-walk, a mailed heel upon the doorway threshold, and the question is answered. She goes out to meet him with two hands extended, all the dark soft night softened into her eyes, her lips parted into smiles, and a faint exhilarant excitement visible as she says,

"Ah, you have come!"

What lover could ask more than those words, in that tone, with that face?

He bent down, and she felt a pressure warm and fervent upon the two hands he was holding; then the silken touch of his fine beard brushed softly over her fingers as he lifted his head. She grew suddenly pale; an embarrassment that was not shyness oppressed her. Out of it she spoke quickly:

"You brought me something?"

He was not daunted nor troubled by this pallid embarrassment. The power of his nature was making its assertion; and still with his look holding hers, though smiling now, he answered her question:

"I have brought you Cinderella's shoes."

She flamed into color again as she touched the package, and her hand was unsteady and cold, that had lately been so firm and warm. He saw and felt all this; and there was a look in his face as if he would guard her from all confession for her pride's sake until he himself stood confessed before her. He had not thought perhaps when he entered the gateway that he should speak so soon, that the end was so near; but the night was full of promise. Something—was it Fate?—led him on. And filled with hope, which lacked nothing of modest manliness and reverence, but which was simply faith and power, those prophets of success that even here could not be disputed—even here were not false prophets, though success lay mutilated, done to death on the very threshold of fulfillment by a falser foe than death.

But with only the sweet hope thrilling at his heart he touched her hand again:

"Come, the garden is too lovely to-night to lose any of its enchantments."

She hesitated a moment, only a moment, then yielded to his spell. They had in some mysterious hour changed places. She must do his bidding. But before she went he noticed, as he noticed every thing she did, that she turned and dropped the package—her Cinderella shoes—into the yawning mouth of an Egyptian bronze; a thing half vase, half idol, which somebody had brought from old scenes of splendid barbarism, to put here like an ugly blot of evil amidst the singing birds and flowers.

"Do you think they are quite safe there?" he asked, smiling.

She lifted a startled look; and again the hand he touched grew icy. He drew it without more ado over his arm, smiling still, though his heart went beyond his words, hardly heeding them indeed:

"Are you quite sure the old monster won't make a sacrifice of them?"

That was all; but it seemed to please her, for she laughed out some gay sweet response, and the warmth stole back into the cold palm.

Always with his own true single heart-beat he tested hers, and through these sudden changes the breath of ice, the swift recall of flame and fire, he read but one story, over and again, these changes, till now, her veering mood settled into softer stillness than before. And so the summer night deepened; the twilight died into cloud and shadow. The wind came up, and through the gusts the thunder muttered distantly, and lightning played in vivid heats. They stood beneath the blasted pine at the furthest range of the garden, whose bare branches soughed wildly in the wind; and all about them flamed the nearer coming lightning, when he found his words to tell her what she must have already known. But who would have thought he would have dared to tell her? HER, Adéle Nilson! Did she herself think he would be so bold? If she did not—if on that night he carried her on to surprise, perhaps the surprise carried her out of herself.

How the blood beat upward into her brain, how swift her pulses ran, throbbing, throbbing, all through her being, as under the soughing pine: "I love you, Adéle, I love you!" sounded in her ear above the wail of the wind.

On that very hillock where they stood how many had she turned away from her in disdain! And this one, this young Adjutant with not half their claims, why did she not disdain him? Because for that moment nature rose up strong within her; and it was a rebellious nature breaking through the deadly crusts of the world's coldness and selfishness and ambition. Because, when he said, "I love you, Adéle," there was no place on earth but this where they stood; the "world" "reeled unheededly by," and the tumultuous elements of the night seemed to enter into her blood as she listened to his pure masterful voice, which claimed her in his very confession. For a moment, as a longer, nearer gleam lit up the heavens, he met her eyes. They were full of all soft, tender, impassioned emotion. For a moment. In that moment, and the breathless rapture that followed, what held them apart? What silent mysterious power warned him away? As they stood thus a plunging footstep through the thicket, the panting of some one in haste broke into the "divinity that hedged them round." Then a voice broke farther yet. Some one was calling him, some dire necessity had arisen for him. He was as brave a fellow as ever fought on battle-field. He was never known to shrink from the most sudden alarm of action; but a sick shiver went shuddering through him as he heard this voice. Alas, poor prophetic heart!

Back by the same path he went, and she was by his side, and now and then her voice was in his ear, and once, in some dark moment, she slipped and his arm upheld her; but still that mysterious distance, and the sick shiver at his heart. At the door the light from within streamed out upon a tall figure, with a sad, stern face, his riding boots splashed with mud, and great beads of perspiration standing upon his forehead. He had ridden hard.

"Captain G——!"

"Adjutant, just a moment, if you please;" and the Captain lifted his hat to Miss Nilson for apology as he drew her companion away.

Their conference was brief, but it had wrought a strange change upon the youth and beauty that shone so joyfully a brief time since.

When had Adjutant Ames ever been known to hesitate in the obeying of an order? Never. But now he not only hesitated at the charge given him by his Captain and Provost Marshal, but he actually forgot their army relation and all military etiquette, as he had never done before, and expostulated in vehement under-tones that had a note like a repressed cry trembling in them.

"It is absurd, preposterous, Richard!" he said, going back to their old relations of intimacy in expression.

"I will stake my own loyalty upon this."

But the Captain shook his head.

"No, no; it will not do; nothing will do but what I have said. I have charged you with it, Ames, because I trusted you utterly, and I felt it would be less painful for you to carry it out than to intrust it to any one else; for if it happened that I was mistaken there would be no other to share the secret; but perhaps I have been wrong in assigning the task to you. If you prefer, I will—"

"No, no. If this must be, I take it upon myself. You will see how absurd the whole suspicion will be proved, Richard." And he looked into his companion's face with the ghost of a smile before he left him.

Straight through the house to the opposite entrance, where *he* had entered before, where she now paced slowly up and down, singing an old love-song half unconsciously, he went to her.

His cheek flamed hotly, the words nearly choked him, as he told her his errand. Her own cheek caught his color, her eyes sprang up ablaze with wrath; then, harder for him to bear, the fiery storm settled into cold disdain. "Truly a pretty story," she said, icily, "that I carry about correspondences of contraband matter in my gaiter-boots! Whose brain had the honor of conceiving so stupendous a fancy?" and she laughed a little low laugh of derision that curdled his blood to hear.

"And you are set upon the search? My Cinderella shoes are of great trouble to you, Adjutant Ames."

She flung a rapid glance at the Bronze looming up dark and Sphinx-like at her side. His glance followed hers, but he shuddered more at her satirical recurrence to his own words than at the dark and meaning look in her eyes. That he failed to interpret. For a breathing space or two they stood there, motionless and silent. Then he stepped forward. He told her as he had told her when he first spoke, that it was but a mere form of duty; that he had no doubt of her; that he would stake his own loyalty upon the utter absurdity of this suspicion; and as he spoke again his hand touched the Bronze. The ugly features of the thing seemed to mock him with its sardonic grin. An awful fate seemed to hover above the little shoes so lately flung, with half a jest, into the wide yawning mouth. And then her own hand settled, white and cold like a flake of snow, upon his; and the voice that came now from her lips was sorrowful, and entreating, and impassioned.

"You will not do this?" she said. "You will not subject me to this indignity. Hear me a moment. Out there in the garden you told me that you loved me. I gave you no answer then. I give it now. I love you; as I *can* love, as I have never loved before. Let this stand for my fealty to you and yours. Now judge between us—between this mad phantasm of duty by which I am to be insulted and—my love; for I solemnly assert that if you persist in this search I will never see you again. More than that, my love will be turned to horror and hate; for, instead of giving me trust and tenderness, you will be giving me suspicion and indignity."

There she stood, dark, and glowing, and splendid, at the conclusion of her words, waiting for his decision. She had not long to wait.

Very eloquent were the words, very tender the tones, freighted with all the man's passion of love—all his hopes, all his fears—as he strove to demonstrate to her how utterly sacred and apart he held her from this form of duty. But she shook her head, with an inflexible face. His expression could scarcely have been sadder than before, as he removed that snow-flake of a hindrance upon his hand, though he knew he was about to seal his own despair. But not yet, not yet; for as again he essayed to carry forth his command, not only was her hand clasped in hindrance over his, but with a little cry of heart-aching pain she flung her arms about him. She, the cold, the proud, the reticent! There was nothing false in this. Afraid? Yes, she was afraid. Afraid of losing, ah! how much! She had never realized how much till in these later hours nature had asserted itself. Afraid of losing him. HIM, her young lover! for did not her vow lie between them? What soft mild words of entreaty she uttered, clinging there to his breast! What passionate, tender words, imploring him to go no further, *for the vow that lay between them* he could never think of afterward without tears. And there were tears then dimming his eyes as he held her strained to his heart.

"Think"—she said, at last, drawing herself away—"think what it is you refuse me. I ask you only to have faith in me. If you told me the contents of a letter you held in your hand, do you think I should not be as sure of your word as if I had read it myself? There are but us two here, and I ask of you only to go back to your Captain and say you did not find what he sent you for; that there was no ground for his suspicions; for you believe this—you have faith in me?"

"I have faith in you; but oh! my darling, my faith will not serve for them; I have no right—"

"And then you give me up. Wait, oh! wait a moment yet; you may be mistaken in your judgment of the right."

To give her up! He looked at her. There she stood, dark glowing, her splendor softened with the glory of love—there she stood tempting him!

The blood rose to his brain—a mist came over his faculties; but one thought boomed through the whirl and confusion: "She is mine until I give her up!"

The next minute he had her in his arms, her lovely face held against his breast. "Mine until I give her up! What if, after all, I am wrong in my judgment of the right? Mine! mine!"—and the world seemed to slip away.

In this time *her* one thought was, "I have conquered!" It was no simple emotion of triumph that any girl with greed of power might feel. It was salvation from mortal peril. It was rescue from an abyss so dark and deep, an abyss that *she* knew how well would engulf this new-found love, and give her in exchange an agony of pity, of horror, from which no wonder that she shrank. These were her conclusions.

She had conquered!

No. The mad, mocking dream went by, and the true heart asserted itself. And still he held her there. Still the lovely face crushed out of sight against his breast; but when he stooped and put her down upon the wide hall chair, his free hand *touched the yawning bronze image!* In another moment he had passed out into the wind and the rain; and all unaware of what he carried, clutched tightly in his grasp, she lay back breathless, but at rest from her fierce struggle, and murmuring behind her clasped hands, with spent strength, "I have conquered!"

The grave Captain was graver than his wont. He would do nothing but pace the floor and puff—puff in gloomy, restless silence at his pipe. Even Donovan could not melt his mood, and at last obeyed the quiet hint of Lieutenant Grier and followed him out. And still puff, puff, puff at the short black pipe, and the restless pacing the floor, now and then consulting his watch. At length he sat down and waited; and there came through the driving rain the sound of sharp ringing footsteps, and then the door was pushed open, and the one for whom he waited appeared. A face fierce and savage with its apparently needless suffering. He flung himself down opposite the Captain, and, breathing deep, laid down the package—the "Cinderella shoes."

"You will see how needless it all was, Captain G——," he said, in hard, bitter tones.

The senior's eye dwelt kindly on the lad at these words. He saw something of what he had been through, but his prophetic soul whispered of deeper grief to come. Alas!

He took the parcel with a steady hand, put away his pipe, and cut the pack-thread. There they lay before him—the fine, silken, slender things, with the royal arch of the instep and the curved heels. There they lay, looking so innocent of evil, so dainty, and so fresh, like herself, that the poor fellow, observant of his companion's cool handling, shuddered with his bitter angry woe, and in his mad passion sat silent at last; his head dropped out of sight in his folded arms, cursing savagely "the fool-seeking suspicion" that had ruined his hopes. How long did he lie thus; how long before the Captain's calm voice—a little calmer, if any thing, now—called him?

"Adjutant Ames!"

He raised himself with the same sick shiver he had felt in the garden. This voice calling him sounded like the voice of Fate.

"Adjutant Ames!"

It was a very gentle call. What was that? The Captain's knife had made a merciless rent in the white lining of the boot, and he was drawing forth a folded paper. It was a thin, long, closely written sheet, and the grave face grew graver until at length it grew dark and fierce as he read. All the time the heart of Fletcher Ames was dying its death as he watched him. And at the end it is handed across to him, and the Captain's voice is a little less calm as he says: "You will forgive me now; you will not think I have made you suffer needlessly. And then Fletcher Ames reads what the other has read so steadily, with a damp dew upon his brow, and, stout young soldier as he is, with all his pulses beating faint and low.

She was false then, false. This was what he thought of most as he read that foul plot of traitors in the very midst of loyal souls, who were striving to sustain the laws of God and humanity. The devil's own plot, which, but for the *prescience* of Captain G——, would have been on its way to traitor hands, who would have carried out its vile suggestions and instructions at an unguarded moment, when its results would have proved fatal perhaps.

False! false! The word kept ringing in his brain. Yet she loved him. Yes, he was sure of that; she loved him. And he?—ah, he loved so well, so highly, so truly, that rather than this knowledge of her deep dissembling, of her bitter disloyalty, he would have foregone the rapture of her love; have taken scorn and disdain for his portion. Oh, to have her noble and true, though colder than a stone to him; to see her fair and sweet, like the proud fair dame he remembered, that she looked on that first meeting. But there at his feet lay his idol; "shattered, desecrated, overthrown." And while these thoughts were thronging in his mind he heard the Captain talking, and listened vaguely as in a dreadful dream. But what was that? "Halliday would have lost his colors if this had been carried out. Indeed the whole regiment must have been sacrificed down there."

Then there broke into his poor struggling mind who listened the thought of the cause that he loved better than any other cause. Better than friends, or home, or mistress. Yes, better than these. For a moment it had been obscured; but there it lay, pure pearl of patriotism, shining through tears, radiant, indestructible.

He rose up—his bright enthusiastic face aged with that night's work—a sorry sight to look upon, for you would have known that never would the faith and hope you had once seen be seen there any more. Youth had gone forever.

The Captain wrung his hand without a word as he went out; but he looked the sympathy that men can to one another, without much ado of outward expression. When it became known, as it had to be, among the officers there, what a conspiracy had been discovered in Miss Nilson's gaiter-boots, and through whose agency, there was a good deal of keen jesting about the means of correspondence; but though these gay young men knew but a part of what Captain G—— had such sad knowledge of, yet to their honor be it said, that in the presence of Adjutant Ames there was never any jest or unnecessary allusion concerning the subject. Something in that stern, pale face touched them with silent respect. Ames had changed, they said. He was no longer the bright fellow he used to be. There was nothing but work in him now.

Yes, Ames had changed!

WALTER S. NEWHALL.

OB. DECEMBER 18, ÆT. 22.

[Captain WALTER S. NEWHALL, of Philadelphia, Acting Adjutant-General upon the staff of General GREGG, was lately drowned in a tributary of the Rappahannock. He was one of the earliest volunteers in the war, leaving all to serve his country. First distinguished in the famous charge of Zagonyi at Springfield, in Missouri, he was afterward engaged in the most active and dangerous service; and, always a hero, he never disappointed the fond faith of the hearts that loved him. He leaves two brothers in the service: and at the time of LEE's invasion last summer we believe that his parents had five or six sons on active military duty. The following lines, by a mother whose son had been in Captain NEWHALL's company, have a truly lyrical fervor.]

Not 'mid the cannon's roar,
Not 'mid red fields of gore,
When the fierce fight was o'er,
His young life parted;
But low beneath the wave,
No hand outstretched to save,
As in a hallowed grave
Slept the true-hearted.

All seamed with noble scars
Won in his country's wars,
Battling 'neath Stripes and Stars
For his land's glory.
One of a dauntless race,
Who each in foremost place
Still strive the foe to face,
Here ends his story.

Stern was the strife and brief—
Death came with quick relief—
While watched each glorious chief
Who went before him.
The waiting angel stood
Calm by the turbid flood,
And to that brotherhood
Gently he bore him.

Once, in Rome's elder day
(So her old legends say),
Across the Sacred Way,
Wrath's fearful token,
Earth opened wide her breast;
Nor might the land find rest
Till of her wealth the best
There should lie broken.

Vainly poured gold and gem,
Rich robe with broidered hem,
Sceptre and diadem—
Wealth's hoards uncoffered.
Wide yawned the gulf apart,
Till one brave Roman heart
Plunged in with shield and dart—
Life freely offered.

Lord, in our hour of woe,
In our land's breach we throw
Riches whose treasures flow
In streams unfailing:
Widows' and orphans' tears,
Sad days and nightly fears,
Long-garnered hopes of years—
All unavailing.

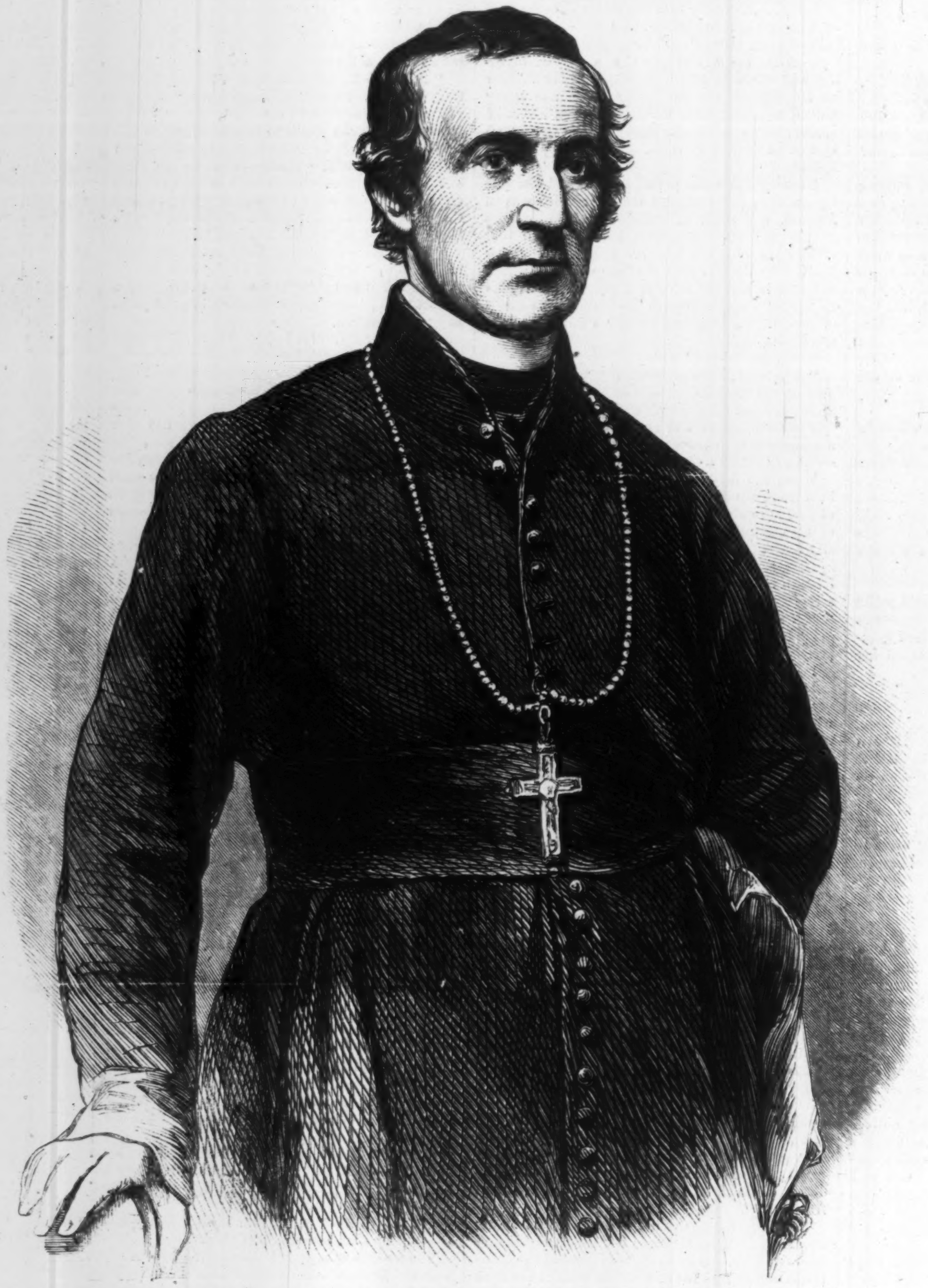
Yes, purer offerings still—
Meek faith and chastened will,
All that, through good and ill,
Thy mercy gave us:
Honor, and love, and truth,
Bright joys and dreams of youth,
Thou, Lord, in pitying ruth,
Oh, let them save us!

Hear! for our cause is just;
Hear! for our children's dust—
God of our fathers' trust,
Bring thy salvation!
Hasten, O Lord! the day;
Point thou through clouds our way,
And by Truth's steadfast ray
Lead home thy nation!

Christmas, 1863.

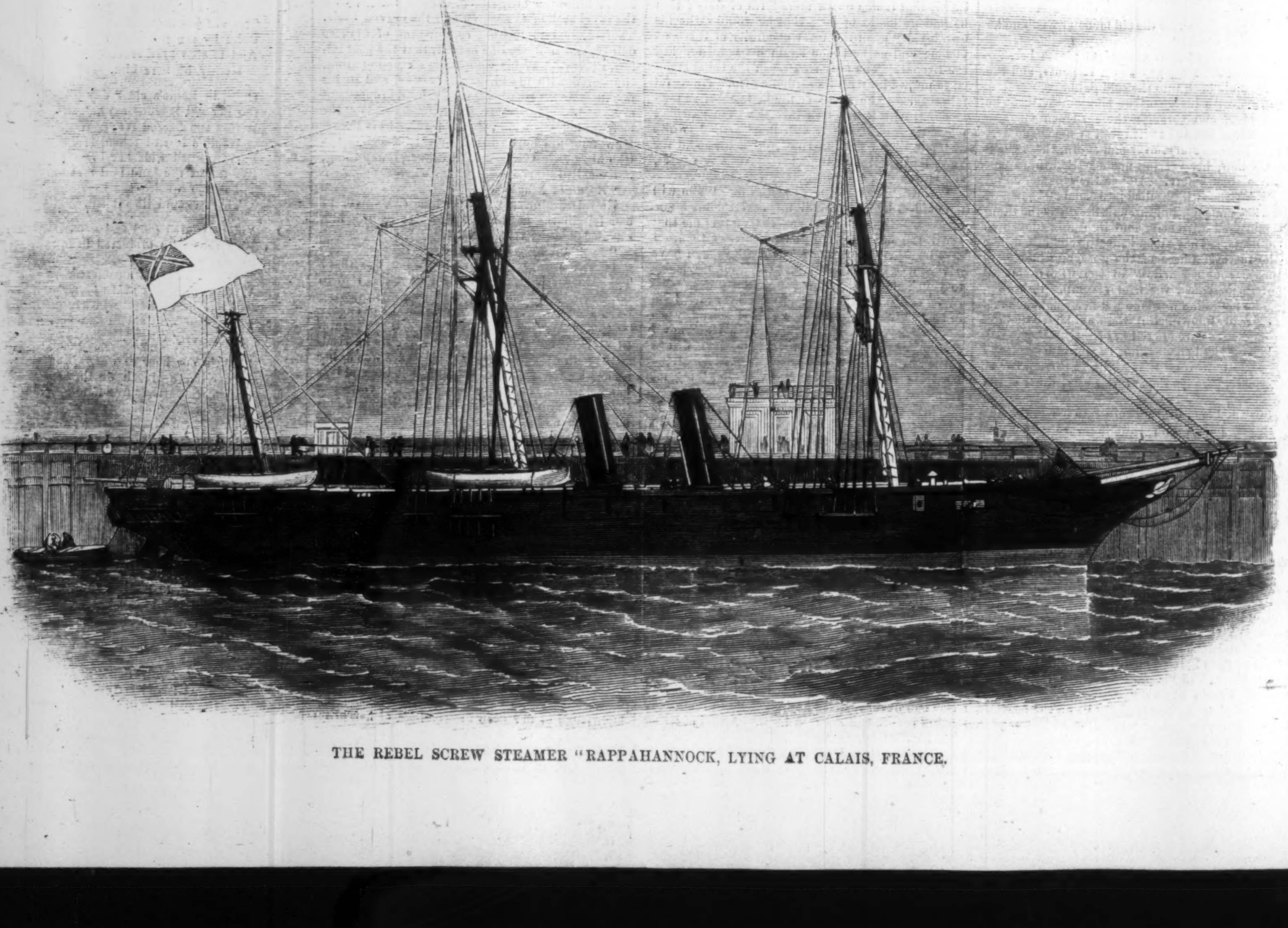
ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

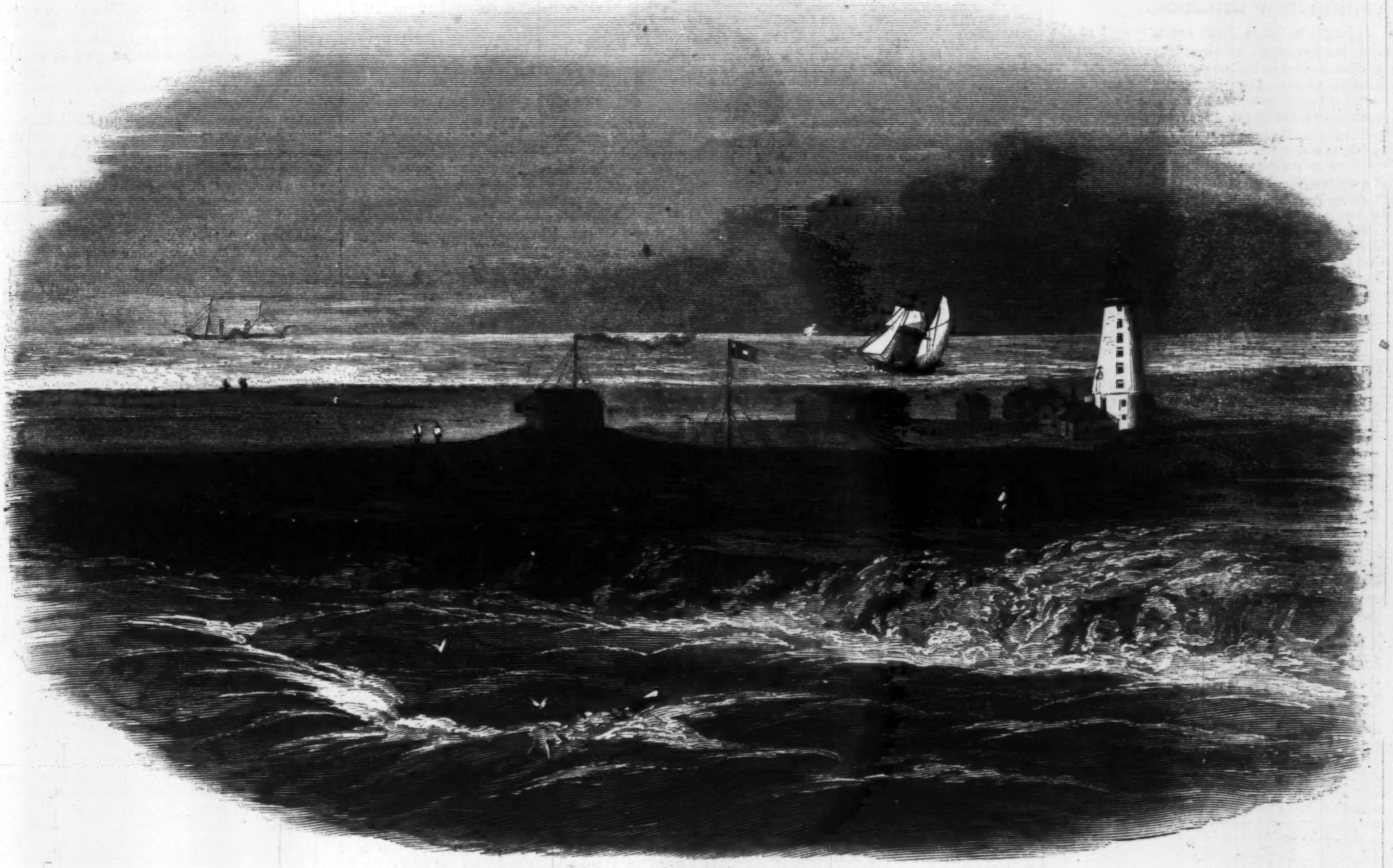
THE Catholic Archbishop of New York, the Rev. JOHN HUGHES, died on Sunday evening, January 3, aged about 65 years. Few men of his day exercised so wide an influence, social, moral, and political, and few men have exercised it, upon the whole, so honestly and wisely. He was born in Ireland in 1798, the son of a respectable farmer. He came to America in 1817, and soon after became a student at the Catholic College at Emmetsburg, Maryland. In 1825 he received ordination, and was appointed to the charge of a church in Philadelphia, and became recognized as a man of mark in his Church. In 1838 he was appointed coadjutor to the venerable Bishop Dubois of New York, who was fast sinking under age and infirmity. A fortnight had hardly passed before Bishop Dubois was struck down by paralysis, and the oversight of the Diocese fell upon Mr. Hughes, who four years later, upon the death of his superior, became Bishop of New York. In this position he had full scope for the exercise of his great administrative powers. To the general public he was best known by the various controversies in which he was at several times engaged, prominent among which were those with Dr. John Breckenridge, that upon the Public School Question, that with his fellow-countryman, Dr. Nicholas Murray (Kirwan), and one with the Hon. Erastus Brooks. But his true work was in the organization of the affairs of his diocese, and the establishment of its educational and religious concerns upon a firm basis. It would require a volume to detail his labors. It is sufficient to say that he gradually gathered into his own strong hands the entire control of the Catholic schools and churches of his Diocese. The amount of church property nominally vested in him has been stated at fully five millions of dollars. He found his Diocese weak and disjointed; he left it strong and consolidated. His position gave him great political influence; this he rarely used except when he thought the interests of the Church were in question, and then always with telling effect. In 1850 the Diocese of New York was divided by the erection of the Sees of Albany and Buffalo, while that of New York was raised to the dignity of an Archbishopric. After the breaking out of the insurrection, Archbishop Hughes, at the desire of our Government, went to Europe on a mission to aid the Union cause; for his exertions in this mission he received the official thanks of the authorities of the City of New York. Within a few months his health began to give way, and his public appearances became more rare. His last notable effort was his speech to the Catholics of New York, at the time of the riots of last July. This speech was sharply and, we think, justly criticised. Its intent was good; but we thought at the time, and must think still, that it contained some highly objectionable features. We apprehend that the mental, as well as the physical, strength of the Archbishop was impaired when he made this speech, which we are confident was heard or read with regret by the best and wisest of his friends. Apart from this speech, conceived and delivered when the venerable prelate was not his old self, we think it would be difficult to point to a single important act in his long administration that was not wise and politic, and which, viewed from his own standpoint, was not right and honorable. He died as he had lived, a true man, and a sincere Christian. There will probably be a sharp contest, open or concealed, as to who shall succeed to the post left vacant by his death. It will be well for the Church and the country if the second Archbishop of New York be, all in all, a worthy successor of John Hughes.


THE LATE MOST REVEREND JOHN HUGHES, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE "RAPPAHANNOCK."

THERE are some curious circumstances connected with the screw steamer *Rappahannock*, alias the *Scylla*, of London, alias her Majesty's steam-sloop *Victor*. The English Admiralty, a short time ago, disposed of her Majesty's screw gun-vessel *Victor*, and, on being sold, she was permitted to undergo some repairs under the superintendence of the dock-yard officials. It was stated that she was intended for the China trade, and she was ostensibly fitted with that view, while her name was changed to the "*Scylla*, of London." Several suspicious circumstances, however, occurred, and the dock-yard officials made a report to the Admiralty. The result was the receipt of an order at Sheerness directing her to be stopped. The order, however, arrived a few hours too late. Those in charge of the vessel evidently suspected the intentions of the Government, and had her taken out of the harbor. She immediately afterward hoisted the Confederate flag, and she now sails under the name of the *Rappahannock*. On leaving the Nore the *Rappahannock* sailed direct for Calais Harbor, in France, which she entered as a Confederate privateer. The Customs authorities at Calais, in answer to a question, have received instructions from Paris to allow the *Rappahannock* to leave whenever her captain pleases. It is said that the English Admiralty have also sold the war steamers *Amphion*, *Cyclops*, and *Phœnix* to "private purchasers."


THE REBEL SCREW STEAMER "RAPPAHANNOCK, LYING AT CALAIS, FRANCE.



DABOLL'S FOG-TRUMPET IN THE BRITISH CHANNEL.

DABOLL'S FOG-TRUMPET.

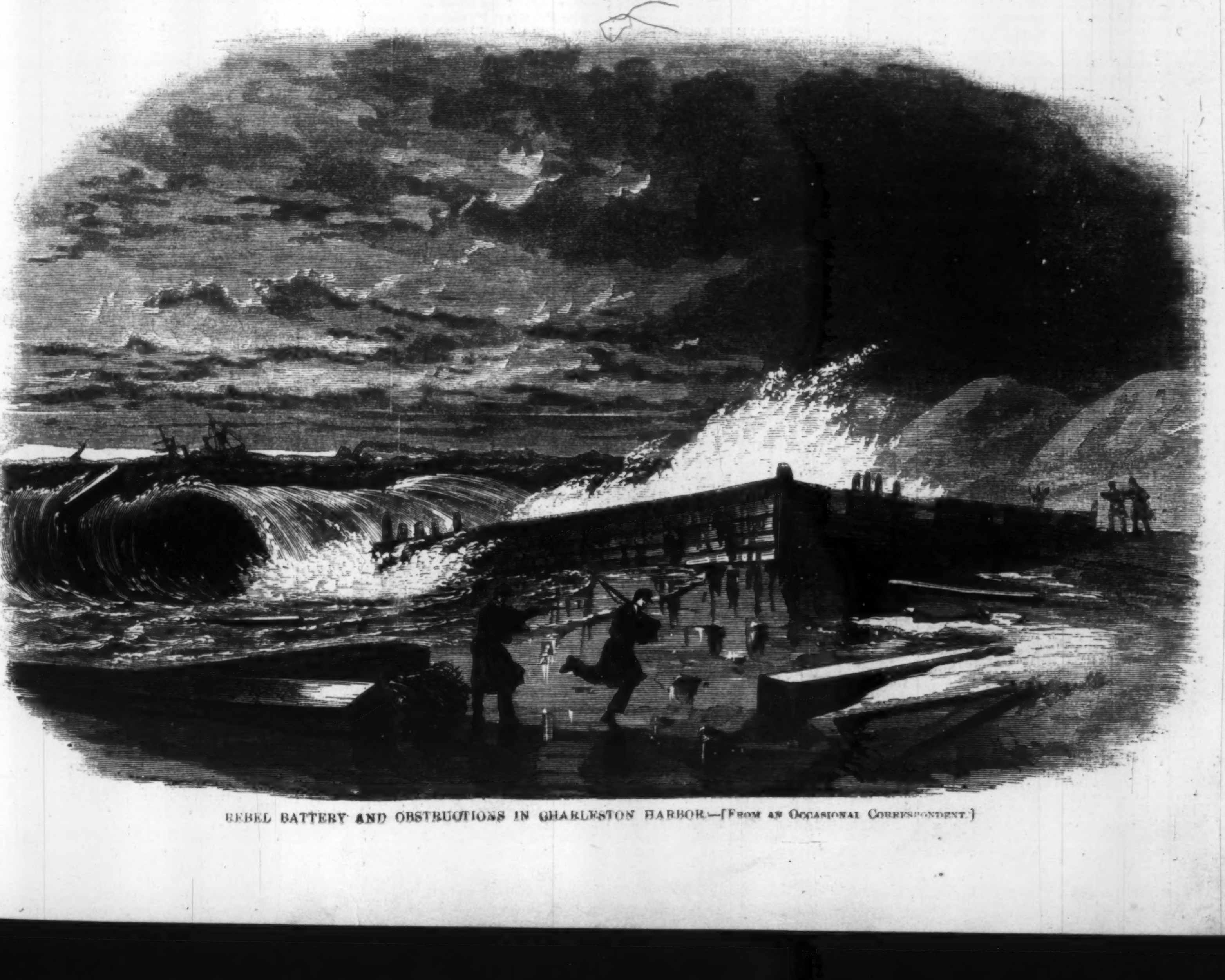
We give on this page an engraving of Dungeness Light-house, in the British Channel, where the English Government has recently stationed the Fog-trumpet invented by Mr. C. L. Daboll, of New London, Connecticut, and which is destined to produce a complete revolution in fog-signals for light-house purposes. An experiment on the trumpet, in connection with a bell and steam-horn previously put there, was made by the Trinity House Committee of London, on board their steam-yacht, on the 17th of November last, commencing at noon. The trumpet, bell, and horn were each tried in succession for three minutes; then they were all sounded together for the same period of time, and afterward made continuous until 2 p.m., when the bell and horn ceased, and the fog-trumpet continued to give its signals at intervals of ten seconds, with five seconds' length of blast, until 3 p.m., when the trial ceased, and the yacht then steamed away for Dover.

There was a strong wind at the time of the trial, with frequent squalls of rain, and a heavy surf on the beach, but the result was so satisfactory to the Committee that the English Government purchased the apparatus of Mr. Daboll, and have made it a permanent signal at Dungeness Light-house. It is placed in the smaller building, as shown in the illustration.

The American public have been made familiar with this signal through repeated discussions relative to its being placed on Cape Race. Captain Judkins, of the Cunard mail-steamer *Scotia*, in a speech at Liverpool on the removal of Captain Stone for allowing his vessel to get on shore in a fog at Cape Race, gave strong testimony in its favor. He said that but for the action and hostility of the British Government to this signal it would have been placed at Cape Race before this time, and not only the disaster of the *Africa*, but many others would have been avoided.

OBSTRUCTIONS IN CHARLESTON HARBOR.

An occasional correspondent from before Charleston sends us a sketch of a Floating Battery now ashore near the beach, and of several obstructions to the harbor washed ashore during the late storm. They will be found below. He says: "The battery was built to carry four heavy guns. It broke away in the recent gale, and brought with it a portion of the rebel obstructions. These consist of large pieces of timber, 15 or 20 feet long, to some of which were attached pieces of railroad iron joined together by links. The timbers were badly worm-eaten."



REBEL BATTERY AND OBSTRUCTIONS IN CHARLESTON HARBOR.—[From an Occasional Correspondent.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

The Deringer Pistol.

TIFFANY & CO.,

550 and 552 Broadway, New York.

SOLE AGENTS FOR NEW YORK AND THE EASTERN STATES.

By a recent arrangement with Mr. DERINGER, the subscribers have undertaken the exclusive agency, for New York and New England, of the well-known pocket arm of which he is the inventor and only manufacturer. They propose keeping constantly in store a full assortment, comprising all sizes and finishes of this unique Pistol, and will be at all times able to fill Trade Orders with promptness, at manufacturer's prices. The arrangement has become necessary on the part of Mr. Deringer, in order to protect the public from spurious articles assuming to be his wares, and that purchaser only, wholesale or retail will be safe who appreciate this fact. TIFFANY & CO.

Hands-Off Sewing Machines.

The New

☞ Automatic Self-Sewer ☜

HEMS, TUCKS, and GUIDES the WORK without the HAND on the *finest straightest stitching.* Sent free by mail, with full directions, on receipt of *One Dollar* addressed to Bartlett's Needle and Sewing Machine Furnishing Depot, 442 Broadway, N. Y.

American Needle Co., J. W. Bartlett,

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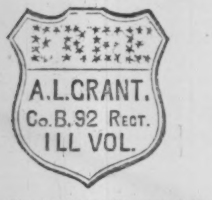
All kinds of Sewing Machine Needles.

☞ HACKLE, GILL, COMB, AND CARD PINS. ☜

BARTLETT'S BURNISHED HAND NEEDLES.

"BARTLETT'S BURNISHED NEEDLES are a wonderful improvement over others for SEWING MACHINE or HAND SEWING. Try sample, Dollar's worth, or 250 any sizes for 50 c. by mail."—MME. DEMOREST.

☞ Or *a Beautiful Needle Book and 200 Needles,* $1.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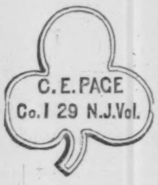
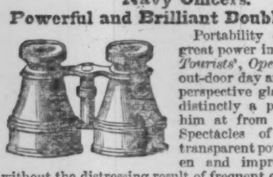


Head-Quarters for Army Corps, Company, and Division Pins of every description. On the receipt of $1, I will send you a Solid Silver Shield, or either Army Corps, Division, or Co. Pin with your Name, Regt., and Co. handsomely engraved upon it, or a fine Gold Pen with Extension Case and Pencil, or a new style Vest Chain or Neck Chain, or a California Diamond Ring or Pin, or a Seal Stone Ring; and for $1 50, I will send you a Solid Silver new style CAVALRY Pin, engraved as above. Agents sending for 10 or more Pins at one time will be allowed 15 cents each.

B. T. HAYWARD,
Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.

Powerful and Brilliant Double Glasses.



Portability combined with great power in *Field, Marine, Tourists', Opera,* and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses, will show distinctly a person to know him at from 2 to 6 miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp.

SEMMONS, Oculists—Optician,
669½ Broadway, New York.

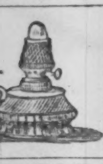
WANTED! WANTED!

Do you want Splendid Whiskers or Moustaches?

HUNTER'S ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Also, on Bald Heads, in ten weeks. Two Onguents for $1. Postage free. Address
CHARLES BRIGGS, Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
455 Broadway, N. Y., or 165 William Street, N. Y.



Just what every Family wants. Savage & Co.'s No Chimney Burner for Hand Lamps and Lanterns, burns Kerosene Oil with a brilliant light without chimney, smoke, or odor. Saves 25 per cent. Office 202 Fulton St., N. Y. Agents wanted. Send for circular. Sample sent free for 50 cts. American Institute awarded 1st Premium and Medal, 1863.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description,* viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only:* No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50 a No. 7 Pen.
For $4 09 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrtiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

The "3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk: and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $12, of 15 per cent. on $24, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

Address, A. MORTON,
No. 25 Maiden Lane, New York.

J. W. EVERETT & CO.,

Will forward to any address, on receipt of order, Photographs from life of any of the prominent

OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY,
STATESMEN, DIVINES,
ACTORS, ARTISTS,
FOREIGN CELEBRITIES, ETC., ETC.

20 cents each. $1 80 per dozen. *Free by mail.*

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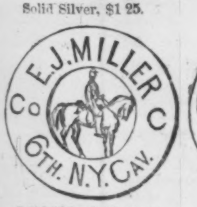
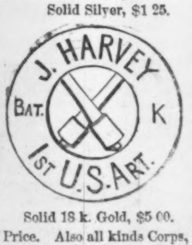
Solid Silver, $1 25.



Solid 18 k. Gold, $5 00.

Solid Silver, $1 25.



Solid 18 k. Gold, $5 00.

Sent by mail on receipt of Price. Also all kinds Corps, Co., and Division Pins, engraved to order, by the single one, 100, or 1000, and sent to any part of the country. Terms cash in advance. Send for a circular. Address
DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.

A Truly Great Story.

NOW READY IN

The New York Weekly,

A STORY OF STARTLING INTEREST, ENTITLED,

The Neglected Warning;

OR, THE

Trials of a PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHER.

From the pen of the gifted

MARY KYLE DALLAS,

whose name has become a household word wherever the English language is spoken.

The story in question is made up of mingled fact and fiction, and the heroine is a young lady who from affluence is reduced to poverty by the death of a father, who is rendered bankrupt by the schemes and machinations of a villain. Thus impoverished, the friendless girl looks to teaching in a public school for the means of support, and the authoress, with that nervous power which marks all her literary productions, carries her through the trying ordeals which ever beset the young and friendless girl who tries to obtain a situation as teacher. Having been a teacher herself, Mrs. Dallas is thoroughly familiar with her subject. She knows it in all its details, from the commencement to the finish, and she is posted, also, with regard to the characters of most of those who occupy prominent positions in relation to the management of the public school system. Where merit is due she freely accords it; but where censure is warranted, she applies it with an unsparing hand, and in a manner calculated to make the recipients of it wince.

Altogether, we doubt if a more exciting—and at the same time a more useful story, as to the moral which it conveys—was ever offered to the public, and we shall be much mistaken if its publication does not lead to wide-spread comment. That it contains several Paixhan charges, which will "strike somewhere," the public may rest assured.

Let no one fail to secure the opening chapters, and our word for it they will not be slow in looking after what follows.

Besides the above great story, the NEW YORK WEEKLY is now publishing a splendid romance, entitled, "WHITE EAGLE, THE AVENGER; OR, THE BRIDE OF THE SETTLEMENT," by *Francis S. Smith,* and another most exciting serial, entitled, "MARIE BERTRAND; OR, THE FELON'S DAUGHTER," from the pen of *Horatio Alger, Jr.* Added to all which it gives weekly from EIGHT to TWELVE first-class sketches, of different varieties, a large number of fine POEMS, and a variety of departments, of a useful and entertaining character, including "PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS," "MIRTHFUL MORSELS," "KNOWLEDGE BOX," "ITEMS OF INTEREST," etc., etc., etc., the whole going to form a *family* newspaper which, as is freely admitted by all who take it, has not its equal either in this country or the old. Price, five cents for a single copy, $2 00 per year, and liberal terms offered to getters-up of clubs.

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No. 11 Frankfort Street, New York City.

☞ Specimen Copies sent free.

The Prettiest Present for a Lady is Gold Composite Patent Detached Lever Watch, Jeweled in 13 actions, beautifully engraved Hunting Case, *by Roskell of Liverpool,* $25. For a Gentleman, THE OFFICER'S WATCH, Detached Lever Movement, with 13 Jewels, in Sterling Silver Cases, with New Patent Time Indicator, *just invented for the Army,* the handsomest and most useful Watch ever offered, $25. ☞ *(The Gold Composite Watches are also made medium size for Gents.) Watches sent for inspection before payment.* Every novelty can be seen by sending for descriptive Catalogue. *Agents wanted in every Regiment and every County on very liberal terms.* ARRANDALE & CO., Importers of Watches, 212 Broadway, N. Y.

Elegant Christmas Presents for a Lady. Gold Composite Hunting Watch, Jeweled, excellent Time-keeper, $15. For a gentleman the Magic Railway Watch, with Time Patent Indicator, shewing Time without opening Case, $15. *Watches sent for inspection before payment.* Chains in great variety, newest styles, Ladies, $2 upwards; Gent's, $1 upwards. Send for Circular. ARRANDALE & CO., Importer of Watches, 212 B'dway, N.Y.

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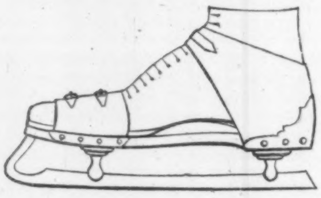

MACMILLAN'S CELEBRATED NOVELTY LADIES' SKATE, price $3. Sizes, 8, 8½, 9, 9½ and 10 inches. *The Trade supplied.*

$5 made from **50** cents.
Send 50 cents for a sample to
F. COLLINS & CO.,
Cornwall Bridge, Conn.

$8 WATCH $11 AND CHAIN.

A Beautiful Engraved *Gold-Plated Watch and Chain,* fine Swiss movement, handsome dial and hands, warranted a perfect time-keeper, for **8 Dollars.** Engraved **Silver,** same as above, chain included, **8 Dollars.**

A very heavy **Hunting Cased Solid Silver Watch,** full jeweled, and fine English movement, silver capped, warranted a perfect time-keeper, and a handsome *Gold Plated Chain* included, for **11 Dollars.**

We will send, on receipt of the money, one of our Watches and a Chain, by mail, postage paid, to any address. These Watches are especially adapted to the Army, being heavily cased and perfect time-keepers, and in running order.

GEORGE A. ELY & CO.,
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Caution

FROM

The American Watch Company.

It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great numbers, calculated, by their utter worthlessness, to injure the reputation of our genuine products—to protect our own interests and the public from imposition, we again publish the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.

The First Grade has the name

AMERICAN WATCH CO. engraved on the inside plate.

The Second Grade has the name

APPLETON, TRACY & CO. engraved on the inside plate.

The Third Grade has the name

P. S. BARTLETT engraved on the inside plate.

All the above grades have also

AMERICAN WATCH CO. painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

The Fourth Grade has

WM. ELLERY engraved on the inside plate, and has not the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial.

All of these grades of Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "UNION WATCH Co., of Boston, Mass."—no such company existing. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our FOURTH or WM. ELLERY grade, usually known as THE "SOLDIER'S WATCH;" others are named the "APPLETON WATCH CO.;" others the "P. S. BARTLEY," instead of our P. S. BARTLETT, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from gross imposition.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents for the American Watch Company.
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Winter Cloaks.

BRODIE'S Great Clearing Sale.

The Entire Winter Stock Will be Sold without regard to Cost,

Before making Extensive Alterations for the

Spring Trade.

BRODIE,

The Leader of Fashions!
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SALISBURY, BRO. & CO.,

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FOR THE CELEBRATED

ALBERTINE

Extension Holders and Gold Pens,

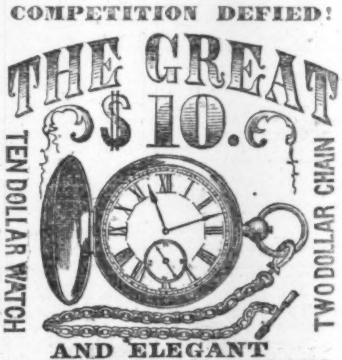
Of the most handsome and durable construction, put up in new fancy cases of one dozen each, and not sold in any less quantities. They will retail for $3 each.

Price, per dozen.................. $10 25
Or 3 dozen for 25 00

Sent by mail or express, prepaid. Address
SALISBURY, BRO. & CO., Providence, R. I.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Oriental Burners,* and 13 other articles. 15 circulars sent *free.* SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

COMPETITION DEFIED!



AND ELEGANT TWO DOLLAR CHAIN

We offer to sell our WATCH, which is of the MOST SUBSTANTIAL MANUFACTURE, AN ACCURATE TIME-KEEPER, and in sterling Cases, Hunting pattern, at the low price of TEN DOLLARS.

We therefore recommend all wanting either an OREIDE, GOLD or SILVER WATCH, Hunting Cases, to remit us $10, when they will receive a handsome Watch, selected by ourselves, sent, sealed and post-paid, at our expense.

Our CHAIN is the admiration of all those who have seen it. In beauty and cheapness it cannot be surpassed. ONLY TWO DOLLARS.

☞ Recollect, the OLD ESTABLISHED AND RELIABLE AGENCY, where all orders are attended to with the utmost promptitude, carefulness and accuracy, and forwarded to their destination in the most compact, reliable and expeditious manner.

Address THOMAS ORMSBY,
General Purchasing Agent, 86 Nassau St., N.Y.

Salesmen Wanted.

$75 a month, or commission allowed on sales. Apply to HALE & CO., Newburyport, Mass.

Holiday Presents.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

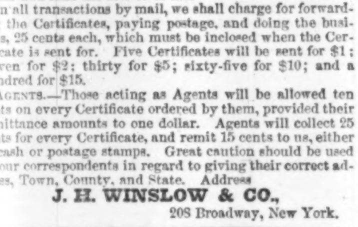
100	Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100	Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200	Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
500	Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
3000	Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000	Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000	" " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000	Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100	Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000	Watch Keys	3 00 to 6 00 each.
5000	Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000	Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000	Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000	Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000	Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000	Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000	Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000	Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.



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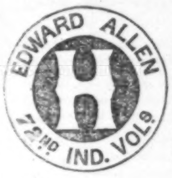

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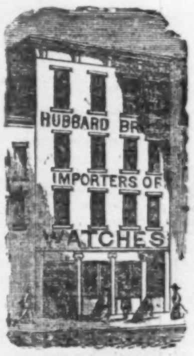

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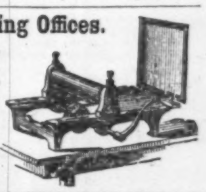

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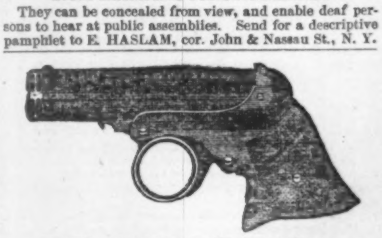

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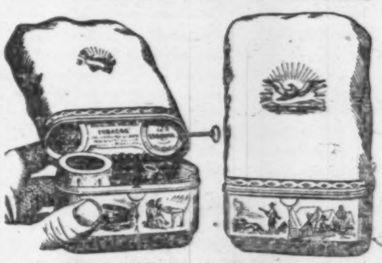

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